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Selections.

EXPERIENCES AMONG THE CONTRABANDS.

SKETCHES OF THEIR CHARACTER AND HABITS.

[Mr. Edward L. Pierce, one of the Massachusetts soldiers who served in the three months campaign under Gen. Butler, contributes to the November number of *The Atlantic Monthly* an interesting article on the "Contrabands at Fortress Monroe." Mr. Pierce was assigned to the exclusive control and supervision of the negroes, directing the hours of their labor and their rest, without interference from any one; and hence enjoyed peculiar facilities for observing their habits and arriving at just conclusions in regard to their condition. He shows us that the slaves are not imbruted savages, but an intelligent and docile race, "quite equal," he says, "to the mass of the Southern population," if not so thrifty and practical as the Yankees. We copy a few passages from Mr. Pierce's excellent narrative:]

CONTRABANDS AS WORKMEN.

THE contrabands worked well, and in no instance was it found necessary for the superintendents to urge them. There was a public opinion among them against idleness, which answered for discipline. Some days they worked with our soldiers, and it was found that they did more work, and did the nicer parts—the facings and dressings—better. Colonels Packard and Wardrop, under whose direction the breastworks were constructed, and Gen. Butler, who visited them, expressed satisfaction at the work which the contrabands had done. On the 14th of July, Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, and Dr. Bellows, of the Sanitary Commission, came to Hampton and manifested much interest at the success of the experiment. The result was, indeed, pleasing. A subaltern officer, to whom I had insisted that the contrabands should be treated with kindness, had sneered at the idea of applying philanthropic notions in time of war. It was found then, as always, that decent persons will accomplish more when treated at least like human beings. The same principle, if we will but credit our own experience and Mr. Rarey, too, may with advantage be extended to our relations with the beasts that serve us.

MORALITY OF THE NEGROES.

There was one striking feature in the contrabands which must not be omitted. I did not hear a profane or vulgar word spoken by them during my superintendence, a remark which it will be difficult to make of any sixty-four white men taken together anywhere in our army. Indeed, the greatest discomfort of a soldier, who desires to remain a gentleman in the camp, is the perpetual reiteration of language which no decent lips would utter in a sister's presence. But the negroes, so dogmatically pronounced unfit for freedom, were in this respect models for those who make high boasts of civility of manners and Christian culture. Out of the sixty-four who worked for us, all but half a dozen were members of the Church, generally the Baptist. Although without a pastor, they held religious meetings on the Sundays which we passed in Hampton, which were attended by about sixty colored persons and three hundred soldiers. The devotions were decorously conducted, bating some loud shouting by one or two excitable brethren, which the better sense of the rest could not suppress. Their prayers and exhortations were fervent, and marked by a simplicity which is not unfrequently the richest eloquence. The soldiers behaved with entire propriety, and two exhorted them with pious unction, as children of one Father, ransomed by the same Redeemer.

MASTERS AND SLAVES.

During our encampment at Hampton I occupied much of my leisure time in conversations with the contrabands, both at their work and in their shanties, endeavoring to collect their currents of thought and feeling. It remains for me to give the results, so far as any could be arrived at.

There were more negroes of unmixed African blood than we expected to find. But many were entirely bleached. One man, working on the breastworks, owned by his cousin, whose name he bore, was no darker than white laborers exposed by their occupation to the sun, and could not be distinguished as of negro descent. Opposite our quarters was a young slave woman who had been three times a mother without ever having been a wife. You could not discern in her three daughters, either in color, feature or texture of hair, the slightest trace of African lineage. They were as light-faced and fair-haired as the Saxon slaves whom the Roman Pontiff, Gregory the Great, met in the market of Rome. If they were to be brought here and their pedigree concealed, they could readily mingle with our population and marry white men, who would never suspect that they were not pure Caucasians.

From the best knowledge I could obtain, the negroes in Hampton had rarely been severely whipped. A locust tree in front of the jail had been used as a whipping-post, and they were very desirous that it should be cut down. It was used, however, only for what are known there as flagrant offences, like running away. Their masters, when in ill-temper, had used rough language and inflicted chance blows, but no one ever told me that he had suffered from systematic cruelty or been severely whipped, except Joe, whose character I have given. Many of them bore testimony to the great kindness of their masters and mistresses.

SEPARATION OF FAMILIES.

Separations of families had been frequent. Of this I obtained definite knowledge. When I was registering the number of dependents, preparatory to the requisition for rations, the answer occasionally was, "Yes, I have a wife, but she is not here." "Where is she"? "She was sold off two years ago, and I have not heard of her since." The husband of the woman who took care of the quarters of Gen. Pierce had been sold away from her some years before. Such separations are regarded as death, and the slaves re-marry. In some cases the bereft one—so an intelligent negro assured me—pines under his bereavement and loses his value; but so elastic is human nature that this did not appear to be generally the case.

THEIR DESIRE FOR FREEDOM.

There is a universal desire among the slaves to be free. Upon this point my inquiries were particular, and always with the same result. When we said to them, "You don't want to be free—your masters say you don't"—they manifest much indignation, answering, "We do want to be free—we want to be for ourselves." We inquired further, "Do the house slaves who wear their master's clothes want to be free"? "We never heard of one who did not," was the instant reply. There might be, they said, some half-crazy one who did not care to be free, but they had never seen one. Even old men and old women, with crooked backs, who could hardly walk or see, shared the same feelings. An intelligent secessionist, Lowry by name, who was examined at headquarters, admitted that a majority of the slaves wanted to be free. The more intelligent the slave, and the better he had been used, the stronger this desire seemed to be. I remember one such particularly, the most intelligent one in Hampton, known as "an influential darky" ("darky" being the familiar term applied by contrabands to themselves). He could read, was an exhorter in the Church, and officiated in the absence of the minister. He would have made a competent juryman. His mistress, he said, had been kind to him, and had never spoken so harshly to him as a captain's orderly in the Naval Brigade had done, who assumed one day to give him orders. She had let him work where he pleased, and he was to bring her a fixed sum, and appropriate the surplus to his own use. She pleaded with him to go away with her from Hampton at the time of the exodus, but she would not force him to leave his family. Still he hated to be a slave; he talked like a philosopher about his rights. No captive in the galleys of Algiers, no Lafayette in an Austrian dungeon, ever pined more for free air. He had saved eighteen hundred dollars of his surplus earnings in attending on persons at Old Point, and had spent it all in litigation to secure the freedom of his wife and children, belonging to another master, whose will had emancipated them, but was contested on the ground of the insanity of the testator. He had won a verdict, but his lawyers told him they could not obtain a judgment upon it, as the judge was unfavorable to freedom.

THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF THE WAR.

The most frequent question asked of one who has had any means of communication with the contrabands during the war, is in relation to their knowledge of its cause and purposes, and their interest in it. One thing was evident—indeed, you could not talk with a slave who did not, without prompting, give the same testimony—that their masters had been most industrious in their attempts to persuade them that the Yankees were coming down there only to get the land—that they would kill the negroes and manure the ground with them, or carry them off to Cuba or Hayti and sell them. An intelligent man who had belonged to Col. Joseph Segar—almost the only Union man at heart in that region, and who, for that reason, being in Washington at the time the war began, had not dared to return to Hampton—served the staff of Gen. Pierce. He bore the highest testimony to the kindness of his master, who, he said, told him to remain, that the Yankees were the friends of his people, and would use them well. "But," said David (for that was his name), "I never heard of any other master who talked that way, but they all told the worst stories about the Yankees, and the mistresses were more furious even than the masters." David, I may add, spite of his good master, longed to be free.

The masters, in their desperation, had within a few months resorted to another device to secure the loyalty of their slaves. The colored Baptist minister had been something of a pet among the whites, and had obtained subscriptions from some benevolent citizens to secure the freedom of a handsome daughter of his who was exposed to sale on an auction block, where her beauty inspired competition. Some leading secessionists, Lawyer Hope for one, working somewhat upon his gratitude and somewhat upon his vanity, persuaded him to offer the services of himself and his sons, in a published communication, to the cause of Virginia and the Confederate States. The artifice did not succeed. He lost his hold on his congregation, and could not have safely remained after the whites left. He felt uneasy about his betrayal, and tried to restore himself to favor by saying that he meant no harm to his people; but his protestations were in vain. His was the deserved fate of those in all ages who, victims of folly or bribes, turn their backs on their fellows.

Notwithstanding all these attempts, the negroes, with rare exceptions, still believed that the Yankees were their friends. They had learned something in Presidential elections, and they thought their masters could not hate us as they did unless we were their friends. They believed that the troubles would somehow or other help them, although they did not understand all that was going on. They may be pardoned for their want of apprehension, when some of our public men, almost venerable and reputed to be very wise and philosophical, are bewildered and grope blindly. They were somewhat perplexed by the contradictory statements of our soldiers, some of whom, according to their wishes, said the contest was for them, and others that it did not concern them at all, and they would remain as before. If it was explained to them that Lincoln was chosen by a party who were opposed to extending slavery, but who were also opposed to interfering with it in Virginia—that Virginia and the South had rebelled, and we had come to suppress the rebellion—and although the object of the war was not to emancipate them, yet that might be its result—they answered, that they understood the statement perfectly. They did not seem inclined to fight, although willing to work. More could not be expected of them while nothing is promised to them. What latent inspirations they may have remains to be seen. They had at first a mysterious dread of firearms, but familiarity is rapidly removing that.

The religious element of their life has been noticed. They said they had prayed for this day, and God had sent Lincoln in answer to their prayers. We used to overhear their family devotions, somewhat loud according to their manner, in which they prayed earnestly for our troops. They built their hopes of freedom on Scriptural examples, regarding the deliverance of Daniel from the lion's den, and of the Three Children from the furnace, as symbolic of their coming freedom. One said to me that masters, before they died, by their wills sometimes freed their slaves, and he thought that a type that they should become free.

THE SLAVES AND THE BIBLE.

One Saturday evening one of them asked me to call and see him at his home the next morning. I did so, and he handed me a Bible belonging to his mistress, who had died a few days before, and whose bier I had helped to carry to the family vault. He wanted me to read to him the eleventh chapter of Daniel. It seemed that, as one of the means of keeping them quiet, the white clergymen during the winter and spring had read them some verses from it to show that the South would prevail, enforcing passages which ascribed great dominion to "the king of the South," and suppressing those which subsequently give the supremacy to "the king of the North." A colored man who could read had found the latter passages and had made them known. The chapter is dark with mystery, and my auditor, quite perplexed as I read on, remarked, "The Bible is a very mysterious book." I read to him also the thirty-fourth chapter of Jeremiah, wherein the sad prophet of Israel records the denunciations by Jehovah of sword, pestilence and famine against the Jews for not proclaiming liberty to their servants and handmaids. He had not known before that there were such passages in the Bible.

NEGRO REASONING.

The conversations of the contrabands on their title to be regarded as freemen showed reflection. When asked if they thought themselves fit for freedom, and if the darkies were not lazy, their answer was, "Who but the darkies cleared all the land round here? Yes, there are lazy darkies, but there are more lazy whites." When told that the free blacks had not succeeded, they answered that the free blacks have not had a fair chance under the laws—that they don't dare to enforce their claims against white men—that a free colored blacksmith had a thousand dollars due to him from white men, but he was afraid to sue for any portion of it. One man, when asked why he ought to be free, replied: "I feed and clothe myself and pay my master one hundred and twenty dollars a year; and the one hundred and twenty dollars is just so much taken from me, which ought to be used to make me and my children comfortable." Indeed, broken as was their speech and limited as was their knowledge, they reasoned abstractly on their rights as well as white men. Locke or Channing might have fortified the argument for universal liberty from their simple talk. So true is it that the best thoughts which the human intellect has produced have come, not from affluent learning or ornate speech, but from the original elements of our nature, common to all races of men and all conditions in life; and genius the highest and most cultured may bend with profit to catch the lowliest of human utterances.

There was a very general desire among the contrabands to know how to read. A few had learned; and these, in every instance where we inquired as to their teacher, had been taught on the sly in their childhood by their white playmates. Others knew their letters, but could not "put them together," as they said. I remember of a summer's afternoon seeing a young married woman, perhaps twenty-five years old, seated on a door-step with primer before her, trying to make progress.

THEIR CHARACTER.

In natural tact and the faculty of getting a livelihood the contrabands are inferior to the Yankees, but quite equal to the mass of the Southern population. It is not easy to see why they would be less industrious, if free, than the whites, particularly as they would have the encouragement of wages. There would be transient difficulties at the outset, but no more than a bad system lasting for ages might be expected to leave behind. The first generation might be unfitted for the active duties and responsibilities of citizenship; but this difficulty, under generous provisions for education, would not pass to the next. Even now they are not so much behind the masses of the whites. Of the Virginians who took the oath of allegiance at Hampton, not more than one in fifteen could write his name, and the rolls captured at Hatteras disclose an equally deplorable ignorance. * * * * As a race, they may be less vigorous and thrifty than the Saxon, but they are more social, docile and affectionate, fulfilling the theory which Channing held in relation to them, if advanced to freedom and civilization.

If in the progress of the war they should be called to bear arms, there need be no reasonable apprehension that they would exhibit the ferocity of savage races. Unlike such, they have been subordinated to civilized life. They are by nature a religious people. They have received an education in the Christian faith from devout teachers of their own and of the dominant race.

But as events travel faster than laws or proclamations, already in this war with rebellion the two races have served together. The same breastworks have been built by their common toil. True and valiant, they stood side by side in the din of cannonade, and they shared as comrades in the victory of Hatteras. History will not fail to record that on the 28th day of August, 1861, when the rebel forts were bombarded by the Federal army and navy, under the command of Major-General Butler and Com. Stringham, fourteen negroes, lately Virginia slaves, now contraband of war, faithfully and without panic worked the after-gun of the upper deck of the Minnesota, and hailed with a victor's pride the Stars and Stripes as they again waved on the soil of the Carolinas.

WHAT THE NORTH SHOULD DO.

WHY should not the same "decent respect for the opinions of mankind," which, at an hour not more momentous than the present, prompted our fathers to publish a solemn Declaration of their principles, cause a similar Declaration to be put forth now by the free States of the North, either through the voice of their chosen Executive, or by popular assemblies—a Declaration which, commencing with a recognition of the self-evident connection between the present assault upon our national existence and the institution of slavery, should assert the necessity of putting an end to slavery, as imposed upon us alike by natural justice and humanity and by national safety? If the nation is to continue to exist, in one way or another slavery must cease. The best method of abolishing it, now left to us, will require the united action of the North and the South. For the first time in the history of the country, concessions must be made, not to the South, but by it. The South must submit to the national authority. The buying and selling of human beings must instantly cease. There must no longer be any unpaid labor. Then let the North, with its preëminent constructive skill, set to work so to organize the labor of those now held in bondage that all classes shall be benefited thereby, employing force, if necessary, for a time, to keep the laborers at work and prevent violence. If men, at a great expense, can be marshalled to destroy, so can they certainly, at a like expense, be drilled to work, to the advantage of all. Then Abolition, so long dreaded as a curse, will soon show itself to be a blessing in the lowest commercial sense, a blessing of unimagined richness.

That such conditions, as are thus very briefly hinted at, being proposed by the North, would be acceded to by the South, no one regards as probable. Yet were they in good faith publicly set forth in such a Declaration as is proposed above, the cause of the free States in the present struggle, strong as it already is, would be squarely placed before God and all good men upon an impregnable foundation, and a strength would come from it that would make every soldier in our ranks worth a thousand men. With such a cause, success is as sure as the rising of the sun. And the South will be forced, for its own sake as well as ours, to make the concessions above named. The existence of the African race upon our soil, "instead of being a millstone about the neck of the nation," will then be a stone of Ajax in her hand—a means of power and wealth untold.

Deplorable will it be, if, when our people are rushing to confront shells and batteries, they should still be scared away from the great work by words, and fail to see that the obnoxious term Abolition is only another name for the splendid problem, namely, *To convert four million of Slaves into Free Laborers:* a problem, which there is no nation on the face of the earth so peculiarly qualified by native genius to solve, as this American people.—*W. H. Furness.*

MEMENTO MORI.

OF all the rumors of incredible atrocities, of foolish outrage, of those worst acts of cowardice that are born of cruelty, and of barbarism that just stops short of cannibalism, to which the expedition of John Brown into Virginia two years ago gave rise, the story that the skin of his son was taken from his body and tanned seemed the most unnatural, and the most improbable, and was, therefore, received with the least attention, notwithstanding its positive assertion. "Are not these the United States, a land of common schools and Churches, and is not this the nineteenth century of the Christian era?" was the instinctive response which we all made to a statement so revolting to the spirit and the culture of our time, our country, and our race. But read this letter from a General in the United States Army, now serving in Virginia, to a friend in this city—a witness on this point as impartial as he is distinguished:

CAMP AT——, VIRGINIA, Oct. 5, 1861.

"To show the refinement of Virginia *gentlemen*, I inclose to my friend, the Rev. B. N. Martin, Professor, New York University, a piece of the skin of the thigh (tanned by those gentlemen) of the son of John Brown, who was killed at Harper's Ferry.

"This is a fragment of the skin which, thus prepared, was distributed in pieces over the Southern country, and was presented to my present Aid in Richmond last April by a Captain Sommers of the Confederate States Army, and a friend of the doctor who has the skeleton, and who flayed and tanned the skin.

"My Aid informs me that every preparation was made to treat the remains of John Brown in the same way, by having them thrown from the car before reaching Baltimore, and substituting a false coffin; but that the plan was frustrated by the sickness or flinching of the railroad conductor.

"——, Brigadier-General."

Professor Martin has shown us this bit of the human remains prepared by some skillful taxidermist in Virginia. It is a minute portion only, for though there are many superficial inches of cuticle on the body of a man of ordinary size, the number of persons in Virginia who coveted a bit of so precious a relic was very many. A ruder barbarism carries the scalp of a slain enemy at the girdle, makes a drinking-cup of his whitened skull, or strings the teeth and finger bones into an engaging necklace; but John Brown, Jr., was not the prize of the bow and the spear of any single warrior; a whole Commonwealth claimed him as its own. Mere savages, if they use the human tissue of the slaughtered foe at all, can only eat it—a wasteful use of such precious material. Science enables them in Virginia to refine upon this barbaric extravagance. Learned professors, skillful in the arts, lend their knowledge to the public service, and feed the patriotism of the State with bits of epidermis, imperishably prepared, of the dead, to be worn as amulets and mementos to keep ever green the memory of a sweet revenge, and the duty of a citizen to a Christian State. They may laugh in Virginia at the untutored ignorance of the savage who can only rattle the dried scalps and bones of those he has slaughtered, while they point to the curiously tanned skin of their dead enemy as the evidence of the march of civilization and refinement in that ancient and proud Commonwealth.—*Tribune.*

SACREDNESS OF SLAVERY.

IN every compromise upon the subject of slavery, and in all legislation to conciliate the South, property in slaves has been regarded as peculiarly sacred. This tradition still holds good at Washington. If we may credit the following, the Administration, acting through its military officers, entertains the idea that slavery is too holy to be touched, even for the purpose of saving the country:

"A slave belonging to Jeff. Offord, a Secessionist of Spencer County, made his escape and delivered himself up at Camp Sherman on our fair grounds. The officers of the camp handed him over to Mr. Dent, our Provost Marshal, who, under instructions form Gen Sherman, returned him without reward to his owner."—*Louisville Journal.*

If the *son* of a rebel had escaped, and desired to join our army, how gladly would he have been received! If the *horse* of a rebel had come within our lines, how quickly he would have been seized and used for our purposes! But the *slave* is not treated either as a person or as property. The vilest institution upon which the sun ever shone, the primal cause of the rebellion, and the one great iniquity for which God is now dealing with the nation, is treated by the Adminstration as if it were the only really sacred thing in the land—not to be touched but on pain of death! Is it any wonder that we are defeated in our plans, and that our hosts stand still as if paralyzed by some invisible power?—*Independent.*

"OUR SOUTHERN BRETHREN."

A SOLDIER of a Michigan regiment, who was on duty near Munson's Hill while that was occupied by the enemy, writes home that on a certain night "the rebels came out of their breastworks and asked us what we were doing—if we wanted to shoot our own brothers?"

It is not related that, having by this appeal disarmed the Northern soldiers, the rebels thereupon delivered their fire and ran away unharmed; but this is, in fact, the *ruse* by which the conspirators too often held back the blow which could easily have annihilated them. It was as our "Southern brethren" that they gained possession of the government; it was as our "Southern brethren" that they cursed and reviled, and tarred and feathered Northern men; it was as our "Southern brethren" that they robbed the nation of arms, treasure, ships, forts, custom-houses, mints; violated the laws they had sworn to obey, betrayed the trusts they had sworn to keep; and when nothing more was left to steal, fired upon the flag which had protected them whenever they chose to bully and insult foreign governments, or violate the decent proprieties of national morals.

It is remarkable that while for years the phrase "Southern brethren" was used in political harangues, till it became only a nauseous piece of cant which stank in the nostrils of manly men, there has never been any talk of "Northern brethren." And with curious consistency, while some silly insurgent still maunders occasionally about the cruel North, which shoots its Southern brethren, there has been no word spoken or printed about the unfortunate shooting of "Northern brethren." The relationship is, like the handle of a jug, all on one side.

It is time that this cant should cease. Our Southern brethren are the loyal men of the South. Our enemy is as alien as though every insurgent had been born at the antipodes. Let it be understood that the man who lifts his hand against our national life and honor is no longer our brother—except in that general sense in which the pirate hung at the yard-arm is the brother both of the crew he has murdered and of the just avenger who hangs him up; in which every assassin may claim brotherhood with his victim, and every burglar, thief and robber may say "brother" to his jailer, and to the community whose laws he has violated.

It was well said by Wright, of Indiana, "Whoever raises his hands against the Union is my enemy—and if he is my brother, so much the worse for him." Gen. Dix's dispatch had the true ring: "Whoever attempts to haul down that flag, shoot him down." There was no maudlin cry about brotherhood there—and the whole country should remember that if there is any difference between the enemy opposed to us now, and any other whom we have met, it is against the insurgents, who have brought ruin on our commerce, have paralyzed our national industry, have introduced poverty and life-long sorrow to thousands of homes—not to right a wrong, not to resist an oppressor, but to revenge a fair political defeat. The tears of widows and the cries of helpless orphans, which go up to heaven against these miscreants, absolve us from all claim of brotherhood with them. —*Eve. Post.*

THE ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM KENTUCKY.

From The Evening Post.

A LATE telegraphic dispatch from Washington announces that the Administration has received encouraging intelligence from Kentucky. We wonder if the encouragement is of that sort which was given in the printed speech of Mr. Wolf, of that State, which was to have been delivered the other evening at the meeting held in this city for ratifying the Union nominations. We say printed speech, referring to the copy of it which appeared in the New York *Times*, for the people would not allow that part of it to be delivered which related to a compromise with the Slave Power, and spoke of the guaranties which would be demanded by Kentucky as a condition of her remaining in the Union, but silenced the speaker with hisses, and obliged him to pass to other topics. We must say that if Kentucky has no better encouragement to offer us than was contained in the propositions of Mr. Wolf; if the politicians of that State are to arbitrate the dispute between the North and the South; if they are to prescribe the manner in which the war is to be conducted, and the terms on which peace is to be finally made, it is likely to be carried on with very little enthusiasm as soon as these facts become known to the people.

In the report of Adjutant-General Thomas, who, the other day, accompanied the Secretary of War to St. Louis, for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of the Western Department, we find some very remarkable statements as to the aid which we are to expect from Kentucky in the suppression of the rebellion. According to his account, it is not to be expected that any considerable number of the people of Kentucky will take up arms for the Union. The young men of that State are already in large force serving under the rebel Generals; and those who remain at home—however much they may desire the reëstablishment of the Union—will refuse to fight for it. The free States must furnish the troops and carry on the war, and win the triumph at the expense of their best blood. We copy this passage from the report:

"We left Indianapolis October 16 for Louisville, Ky., where we arrived at 12½ o'clock p.m., and had an interview with Gen. Sherman, commanding the department of Cumberland. He gave a gloomy picture of affairs in Kentucky, stating that the young men were generally Secessionists, and had joined the Confederates, while the Union men, the aged and conservatives, would not enroll themselves to engage in conflict with their relations on the other side. But few regiments could be raised. He said that Buckner was in advance of Green River with a heavy force, on the road to Louisville, and an attack might be daily expected, which, with the force he had, he would not be able to resist; but, nevertheless, he would fight them. He, as well as citizens of the State, said that the States bordering on Kentucky must furnish the troops to drive the rebels from the State. * * * * On being asked the question what force he deemed necessary, he promptly replied two hundred thousand men. This conversation occurred in the presence of ex-Secretary Guthrie and Gen. Woods. The Secretary of War replied that he supposed that the Kentuckians would not, in any number, take up arms to operate against the rebels. But he thought Gen. Sherman over-estimated the number and power of the rebel forces; that the government would furnish troops to Kentucky to accomplish the work; but that he (the Secretary) was tired of defensive war, and that the troops must assume the offensive and carry the war to the firesides of the enemy; that the season for operations in Western Virginia was about over, and that he would take the troops from there and send them to Kentucky; but he begged of Gen. Sherman to assume the offensive and to keep the rebels hereafter on the defensive. The Secretary desired that the Cumberland Ford and Gap should be seized, and the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad taken possession of, and the artery that supplied the rebellion cut straight off.

"Complaint was made of the want of arms, and on the question being asked, What became of the arms we sent to Kentucky? we were informed by Gen. Sherman that they had passed into the hands of the Home Guards and could not be recovered; that many were already in the hands of the rebels; and others refused to surrender those in their possession, alleging the desire to use them in defence of their individual homes if invaded. In the hands of individuals, and scattered over the State, these arms are lost to the army in Kentucky."

Gen. Sherman, an able and intelligent commander, has surveyed the ground since his arrival in the State, and assures the Secretary of War that the loyal inhabitants of Kentucky will not take an active part in the strife. The inquiry is made of "citizens of the State," and they confirm the judgment of Gen. Sherman. The Secretary of War sees reason to adopt these conclusions, and tells Gen. Sherman that he does not suppose that the Kentuckians will in any number take up arms against the rebels, and that the government must furnish the troops. We do not dwell upon these matters with any view of casting blame upon the people of Kentucky; for we wonder not that the men of mature age should shrink from seeking the lives of their younger relatives who have been seduced into the rebel ranks; but we desire to make it clear that neither the Federal officers commanding in Kentucky, nor the Administration at Washington, expect any essential aid from the patriotism of the people of that State. It is we of the free States that must take the risk and endure the hardships of the war, and drive out the rebels at a large expense of life. The war is ours; the loyal citizens of Kentucky will merely look on and give us their good wishes. How much blood must flow, in the opinion of Gen. Sherman, to put down the rebellion in that State, may be estimated from his remark that the undertaking is likely to require two hundred thousand men.

We hope not, for our part. We earnestly hope that it may be true, as Secretary Cameron observed, that Gen. Sherman had over-estimated the number of the rebel troops and the extent of their means; but after making as large a deduction from these as we dare, the task of reducing the insurrection in Kentucky will still require a large army and a severe struggle. Thousands of our Northern volunteers who go to that State to fight, in behalf of the citizens calling themselves loyal, the battle which they will not fight for themselves, must lay their bones there. Of those gallant men under Gen. Sherman, many of the regiments of whom are the flower of our army, numbers, in going to Kentucky, have gone to their graves.

Such being the state of things in Kentucky, on whom should by right devolve the power of saying in what manner the war shall be conducted? Upon Mr. Crittenden? upon Mr. Holt? upon Mr. Wolf, whose statement of what Kentucky was going to insist upon a New York popular assembly refused to hear? Shall these politicians of Kentucky settle the matter for us, telling us what interests of the South we have leave to attack, and what interests we must spare? Or should not rather we, who give our lives for the defence of the Union, who yield up our young men, the glory and hope of the Republic, to be sacrificed in this fratricidal strife—say parricidal rather, for the armed hand of the rebel is raised against his mother country—should not we be allowed to choose the methods by which, according to our best judgment, the strife can most effectually be ended?

Most certainly they who fight the battle have a right to decide how it is to be fought. This rebellion, which is so formidable that in a single one of the border States its suppression, in the opinion of Gen. Sherman, will require more than half of the great army we have now on foot, ought to be put down in the cheapest and readiest way, without regard to the wishes of the slaveholding class in Kentucky. Yet it is certain that this class exercise a very decided influence on Mr. Lincoln's Administration. Our blood is shed while this class look on and require that it shall be shed more freely still, rather than that the institution of slavery shall be endangered. That is to be preserved and perpetuated at whatever cost of the lives of our Northern freemen. Month after month of this war will go by; grave after grave will be opened, in which our young men will be laid by hundreds, side by side; but the time will assuredly come when those who now delay to use the most effectual means for terminating the conflict will wonder that they ever hesitated.

FREMONT AND HIS ENEMIES.

THURLOW WEED'S charges against Fremont are peculiarly rich. The old body-guard story might as well be abandoned now that the much abused guard has won a brilliant victory over the enemy. Thurlow's testimony against Fremont because some of the officers of his staff are interested in contracts, is very valuable. Thurlow's hatred of contractors and abhorrence of jobs are well known. Contractors and jobbers would ruin the country if it wasn't for Thurlow. He's death on that class of people—he is. No wonder his righteous soul is disquieted by the alleged fact that one of Fremont's staff is a contractor. Put Thurlow on the staff, and there would be no complaint on that score. *He* wouldn't contract; not he. How the "inferior mules" and the "rotten blankets" must have disturbed him! Probably he didn't sleep a wink after he heard these awful charges. Then those muskets which Fremont purchased in France are "worthless." How about the hundred thousand which he *didn't* purchase because the Administration refused to ratify the contract? Those Californians, too, of whose "malign influences" Thurlow tells us—"ill-omened men" as he calls them—no wonder Thurlow is jealous of them. When they get through at St. Louis they may move to Albany, and set up a rival job-shop to Thurlow's. That would be bad, wouldn't it? I wonder if they have done anything smarter than the hiring of the Cataline? I doubt. A friend tells me of an experience with rotten army cloth, lately imported from England, at Quartermaster Vinton's in New York city, which I think must rival the operations of the ill-omened men from California. Gen. Thomas's official report must be as valuable as Weed's. The Western papers have already told us of Thomas's loud-mouthed hostility to Fremont, while he was on his Western tour. One of the charges seems to be that his army is badly equipped and supplied. So is the rebel army; yet it fights well. There is a good deal of testimony, or rather rumor, against Fremont; and I am not unprepared to see it proved that he has done many things badly. But I think this fact is evident enough, viz: that all or nearly all the resources of the Administration in the way of ferreting out abuses have been directed to the Western Department. Fremont has been followed by a relentless spirit of hostility ever since he went to St. Louis, and especially ever since he issued his proclamation of freedom. Of this there can be no question whatever in the minds of impartial men. The Cabinet is full of jealous politicians, and the army is full of pro-slavery men. Russell tells us all about these last, and I judge from what he says that a goodly number of them ought to be shot or sent to Fort Lafayette as traitors. In one thing at least Fremont has the advantage over many other officers in the army. He has an enthusiasm and zeal and belief in the righteousness of the Northern cause, and appreciation of the crisis, which other Generals and members of the Cabinet might well emulate. And these qualities compensate for many deficiencies. And as for practical results, when Virginia is as free of rebellion as Missouri is, and Washington as safe as St. Louis, we may pay attention to the complaints against Fremont. One thing is to be noticed about Fremont's army. It may be filled and surrounded by adventurers and contractors, but, thus far, we have heard of no *traitors* or *spies* in its ranks. This cannot be said of the Potomac army, or any other branch of the service.—*Bost. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

CONFISCATION OF THE PROPERTY OF TRAITORS.

From The Springfield Republican.

THE Confiscation Act passed by Congress, after being toned down to suit the Kentucky Unionists, is found to amount to nothing practically. The rebel property confiscated under it will not pay the expense of the legal proceedings. The Kentucky Unionists, now that the rebels are ruthlessly pillaging their State, are the first to find fault with this half-way measure, and to demand something more effective. The Louisville *Journal* says that the Union men robbed by the Confederate banditti must be paid out of the property of citizens in rebellion against the government. It is evident that Congress will be called upon at its next session to pass a confiscation law that amounts to something, and probably the President will feel less hesitation in signing it than he manifested in respect to the present emasculated and useless law.

The idea of limiting the confiscation of the property of a rebel, whether that property is goods, money or negroes, to such articles as are in actual use in the service of treason is absurd. The money of a rebel, which is in bank, or otherwise invested, the proceeds of which he devotes to his own support while fighting in the rebel ranks, is quite as serviceable to the rebellion, and indeed much more so, than if carried about on his person. The slaves who cultivate the plantation and keep the revenues of the master good, while he leads a rebel regiment against Washington or assists in plundering the loyal Kentuckians, are quite as useful to the rebellion as if they were employed in digging in the trenches or cooking in the rebel camps. The distinction made by the act of Congress is a distinction without a difference, and a distinction that manifestly defeats the object of the law, for there cannot be in one case out of fifty any sufficient legal proof that a slave, or any other piece of property, is actually used in the service of the rebellion. The collection of evidence and the following out of the ordinary legal formalities are only possible in a state of peace, and therefore not suited to the real state of the case. Either let the government abandon the idea of confiscation altogether, and allow to the rebels the same advantages as if their treason were a perfectly legitimate operation, which the government must handle as delicately as if it were a diplomatic complication, or let them establish a system of confiscation that amounts to something. Let the property of all rebels be declared forfeit, whether it consists in land, money, or negroes. There is certainly no valid reason why negroes should not be subject to the same liabilities as other property, and as the government cannot sell them, it should employ them in whatever way they may be made most serviceable in accomplishing the object of the war.

We find support for these views of the true policy of the government in a letter of a Kentucky clergyman, chaplain to one of the national regiments, published in the Washington *Republican*. His purpose is to show that the government and the people of the free States still underrate the power of the rebels, and that the vague hope that the rebellion will die of itself—which still paralyzes exertion, is doomed to be disappointed. He asserts that up to the present time the rebel leaders have not suffered from any lack of money, although for the future they must be greatly embarrassed in this respect; that there is no such scarcity of shoes and leather in the South as has been represented, and that the rebel soldiers are generally well clad, and there have been only isolated exceptions to this, just as there have been in our own army; that the horses of the Southern army are greatly superior to ours, and generally each man brings with him and takes care of his horse; that the rebel troops are generally well fed, and the Confederates have large stores of provisions on hand; and that there is no lack of ammunition in the South; in fact, that all expectations that the South will be obliged to stop fighting for lack of food or fighting material, must be abandoned. The writer proceeds to argue that the North is still more radically mistaken in considering slavery an element of weakness in the South. He says on this point:

"Slavery has been regarded, and is generally regarded, in this city and the North, as an element of weakness in this war. This is the greatest of all the mistakes made. It is an element of strength. It gives the South a great advantage over the North. There is no danger from insurrection. The slaves out of the vicinity of the Federal army are working better than formerly. The women are the managers of them, and successful managers, better than the men, because more moral, being continually with them, and using kindness more and severity less. The slaves are also more healthy under their management. It is a well-known fact that the women-planters of the South have always been the most successful. The slaves are the sappers and miners of the army. They are the producers for the army, no less essential for war than they who fight. Slavery is the element of strength in this war. The sooner this fact is realized the better—that the slaves are the producers—the women are the superintendents of these producers, and the whole male force can thus constitute their grand army, and that the whole South is now under drill. Friends of the Union, Liberty and the Constitution, look these facts fully in the face. Reason upon them, and do right. *Slaves must, in this war, be regarded as property. The property of all rebels must be confiscated. Let this edict go forth, and the doom of the rebels is sealed.* Protect all property of Union men, especially the slave property of the South, of Union men. No abolition war, but a just war; a war to maintain the Union, but a sensible war; a war neither pro-slavery nor abolition, but an effective and conclusive war. Let us look this whole matter in the face, and act before it is too late."

THE SLAVEHOLDERS DISLOYAL.

THE public mind is becoming slowly pervious to the fact not only that slaves may be made useful to the cause that identifies itself with the vindication of their humanity, but that slaveholders, as a class, *will not fight for the Union.* Up to this hour, with thousands who love the Union even in South Carolina, with millions of loyalists in the revolted States, and with four slave States that have never seceded, and are still wholly or mainly in the grasp of the Nation, how many slaveholders, think you, have volunteered to defend the National flag? A thousand? a hundred? Who knows a dozen? The President justly thought it a fact deserving of special record in his Message that no private soldier had imitated the many distinguished officers of the American army who had gone over to the Confederate traitors. Will he next tell us how many slaveholders have taken up arms for the Union?

A clear-sighted correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, who is accompanying Gen. Rousseau's advance toward the rebel front in Southern Kentucky, thus, for the second or third time, bears testimony (Oct. 23d) to a vital truth, already proclaimed by a Kentucky correspondent of *The Tribune:*

"The Unionism of the professed loyalists in these parts is certainly a very curious sort of affair. At the first glance, the whole country seems to be enthusiastic in its devotion to the Union. One reason for this seeming unanimity is the fact that all who were Secessionists in the late political campaign have fled. But of those who remain, I am satisfied that fully one-half are at heart Secessionists, though they are all very loud in their professions of loyalty. A good many recruits are coming in, all things considered; but I have noticed that the recruiting ground, which is to do such wonders, *always keeps its distance*, advancing as we advance. When we were at Mu

rebellion. The complete extinction of this rebellion by force of arms is a determination in which the people of the North are inflexibly united. Nor Mr Seward, with all his reputation for sagacity and statesmanship, could lead the people one step in the direction of compromise with the rebels.

As to the relations of the government with foreign powers, while the people would resent to the utmost any wanton interference of foreign governments in our conflict, and would defend to the last the honor and integrity of the nation, they would none the less resent, and would visit indignantly upon the head of its author, any needless provocation of foreign animosities by our own government. The people will stand by the government to the last in defending the life of the nation and the permanence of the Union, against every foe; this they are resolved to do, whether at home or abroad; but they will not approve of any word or act of the government at Washington that might lead to a war with foreign powers, without just provocation on their part. Least of all will the people be diverted from the work of subduing the rebellion by ill-considered menaces against foreign powers. As persistent friends of Mr. Seward, we have a right to speak thus emphatically against the policy now so widely imputed to him.—*Independent.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE WAR—HOW TO END IT.

It is manifest to all clear-sighted persons that the present gigantic civil war can be successfully brought to an end in only one of two ways, viz.: First, by compromising with the slaveholding faction who are carrying on the war: second, by subduing the slaveholders and depriving them of their slaves. The first mode is that which the American government and people are now prosecuting. The second mode is that to which they will be speedily driven, or find all the objects they propose to attain by the struggle hindered, if not defeated.

We have not inconsiderately said that thus far the government and a majority of the people are bent upon carrying on the war to compel the indignant and obstinate Slave Power to *compromise* with them, and stay in the Union. We are well aware that the word compromise is just now under the ban, and that all compromisers, who propose to compromise *prematurely*, are denounced as traitors. But this is only in deference to the present tone of public opinion. The Americans in their political capacity never say what they think, but what they believe it is proper and popular to think. It is popular now to speak of fighting for the government and for the Union, and so all discreet persons make use of these watchwords of their leaders to conceal their purposes, or want of purpose.

We do not say, either, that it is absolutely impossible to restore the Union and reëstablish the authority of the government, by a war that shall carefully avoid the destruction of the Slave Power. When the North shall send to the field as large a proportion of its fighting men as the South has, when it strips itself of its last dollar to devote to the forlorn cause, then, with good generalship, and no dissensions or blunders, and if the great powers of Europe are content to wait without interference, it may be able to make a triumphant campaign through all the revolted States. But the compromise that, seasonably offered, might have prevented the war, is sure in that case to come at the end of the war. We should never have had the war, but that the slaveholders, about to exact a new compromise, found new men in office, unacquainted with their tactics, and who did not believe they were in earnest. The Republicans held out to bloodshed, because they did not believe the South would dissolve the Union, nor, after that deed was done, that it was not a mere feint of parliamentary intimidation. We have been reluctantly and timidly fighting ever since to bring our "deluded brethren" back to the compromising point, whence it was never intended to drive them. The South will be considered satisfactorily beaten, when their *stuffiness* is softened to offer us no matter how disgraceful terms of reunion. We shall give, in our generosity, to the slaveholders, what, in our pride, we would not give to their menaces.

It will of course be understood, between the victors and the vanquished, that the nation shall go on as hitherto, the South receiving the profits of the production of rice, sugar and cotton by the labor of slaves, the North receiving the profits of manufacturing and commerce resulting from these productions; the South adapting its civilization to the exigencies of a barbarous system of human bondage, and the North repressing its convictions and degrading its spirit to keep pace with its barbarian confederate. The *paper* form of democracy which our fathers endeavored to express in the Constitution must be more and more modified, as it is found to furnish disturbing elements to the security and perpetuity of slavery. In one word, the successful war *for the Union* establishes the *status quo anté bellum*. Nor will this situation be peculiar, for most of the great modern wars, from which we have hoped so much for civilization and freedom, have been just as fruitless of beneficent results. We are fighting, then, to get back Keitt and Mason and drunken Wigfall to Congress, to reinstate those happy relations between North and South when delicate ladies were thrust into Virginia jails for teaching slaves to read, when travellers were tarred and feathered for having in their pockets the New York *Tribune*, and American citizens were summarily hung for voting the Republican ticket.

It is idle to say that war has changed all that. The war would change it, if we dared to let it. But when slavery, now out of the Union and warring upon it, comes back, it will come with all its old ferocity, barbarity and greediness. Intelligence, free discussion, fair play and freedom will be just as fatal to it as they have ever been. If we are to bring powder into our houses, must we not be careful of our fire-brands?

It will not be necessary to put the new contract with slavery into a treaty or into the Constitution, though doubtless we shall be base enough, at the close of this exhausting war, to do even that for the sake of peace and gain. The bare fact that we have sedulously preserved slavery through the war, that when both our safety and our reputation required us to destroy it we chose to cherish it, will be understood both by ourselves and the whole civilized world as a *guarantee* for its quiet, indefinite existence. To decide not to kill a wolf, that you have by the throat, is to decide to fatten him upon the blood of your flocks.

To test the national sense of the true import of such a peace at the end of such a war, let an Abolitionist ask John B. Haskin about that time to sign a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Would not the Hon. gentleman immediately assault him, hissing from his rage-blanched lips such ejaculations as these: "*Parricide!* At your *old, damnable treason again? Was not three years war enough for you? Is it another thousand million you want? Is it another hecatomb of human lives*"? A sufficiently emphatic exposition of what all that school of statesmen would understand to have been embraced in the settlement. Mr. Sumner could hardly get quietly through his emancipation speech in a Republican Convention the summer after such a treaty. It was only that it damaged the delusive prospect of such a treaty, that made his speech of last month so distasteful to his auditors.

Jeff. Davis plays his desperate game with "Honest Old Abe" on the rule *Heads I win, Tails you lose.* We go to law with certainty of our opponents recovering something and we paying the costs of both sides. If Jeff. Davis prevails, he establishes the Southern Confederacy, with slavery as its corner-stone, and each party pays its own expenses of the war. If *Abe* wins, we establish the Union with slavery so peculiarly fortified and sanctified in it, that nothing but a destruction of the nation shall ever overthrow it, and pay our expenses and the Confederacy's to boot. For if we take back the revolted States, if we do not actually pay their war debt, we shall take their people and territory burdened with that debt, and indirectly, through compensation bills to those who will then claim to have been loyal citizens, assume its ultimate burden.

Truly it is policy for the traitors to be reckless. They have a choice of good luck, and the worst defeat they can anticipate is a defeat of their faction in the very first elections. While the South are overawed by the Federal armies, it would hardly be expected that they would reëlect Stephens and Wise and Toombs to Congress; but as soon as they shall be left to their own choice, they will be likely to revert to the representation of their foremost men.

Just in the proportion that the war was successful would slavery be more and more secure. If a handful of slaveholders in Kentucky are masters of the present situation, and dictate the methods and purposes of the war, how strong will be the influence of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, when the Northern army shall have established its lines below their borders? With the accession of the patriots of Kentucky, late, but not too late, the war passes into its *Crittenden* phase. When South Carolina is overrun (we will not say *subjugated*, because that infracts the resolution of Congress), it will have entered its *Quattelbum* phase; and when we shake hands with the wrecks of secession at New Orleans, in the glow of our admiration for the *chivalry* with which our arms have been resisted, we shall be unable to tell what we have been fighting for. *There you are, my fine fellows, all right and on your legs again. Go to making cotton and sugar for us, and if you have lost any niggers in this war, put the niggers in the bill, and send it up to Washington, and we will pay it.*

To pay such a price for such a curse! To give such a sea of blood to appease and coax back to earth from the hell to which he was bound such a Moloch! Shall we write in history such a chapter of infatuation?

If indeed we can ever so end this war! If an incensed God, weary of our obstinacy, does not send us through years of shameful defeats, intestine jealousies, divided counsels, the wasting of our wealth in gigantic armies that fall apart by their own weight, and, deprived of all leaders who have either genius to command or convictions to inspire, become the centres of political cabals that first endanger and then destroy the State! If the bold rebels of the South, true to their bad idea, as we are false to our noble one, first gaining the admiration and at length the support of the world, by their energy and daring, become not instead of us the masters of the wealth, and power, and destiny of the American continent!

The second mode of ending the war—that is, by subduing the slaveholders and depriving them of their slaves—is clearly within our power. It may require at the proper time the coöperation of the slaves, but when the war is *thus* ended, it is ended in the destruction of its causes, and the certainty that neither such a war, nor the worse peace, embittered with sectional strife, that preceded it, can ever again endanger our country. We ensure the Union by ensuring the solidarity of our people, and by giving the nation homogeneous institutions.

How the war shall end slavery the Abolitionists have not cared to dictate. Let the government, whose business it is to save the country and restore peace, find out how to do it. The Abolitionists do not insist either upon a Presidential proclamation of emancipation in the gross, nor upon a local proclamation of the military commander of a district. But they do insist that the war shall not be violently wrenched from its own beneficent courses, that there shall be no more truckling to the great enemy, that the property of slaveholders shall not be more cared for than the lives of loyal citizens. If slaves come to the lines of the armies, they insist that no new Constitution and code shall be improvised to make beasts of them, but that they shall be treated like other loyal fugitives from the control of the public enemy; and that the military commanders, having by virtue of their function the right to appropriate or destroy enemies' property, shall be at liberty to receive, emancipate and employ the slaves in carrying on the war, and if the progress of our arms is found to loosen the bonds of wickedness and to let the oppressed go free, the government, in the very hour of its fasting and addressing Heaven with prayers and vows, shall not impiously interfere to prevent the providential diliverance.

MEMORIAL OF THE PEOPLE TO CONGRESS.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the Inhabitants thereof."

To the Congress of the United States:

THE undersigned, citizens of State of respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist; your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

☞ *Editors of newspapers are requested to give this Memorial one or more insertions in their columns.*

Printed copies of the above Memorial may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and of Joel McMillan, Salem, Ohio. Persons applying to Mr. McMillan will enclose payment at the rate of $1.25 per hundred, to cover cost of paper and printing.

THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.—This institution, chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania in March last, is now opening in a commodious building in North College Avenue, opposite Girard College, Philadelphia. It is designed for the treatment of non-contagious diseases of women and children, and the training of nurses; and also to furnish facilities for clinical instruction to women engaged in the study of medicine.

The Board of Managers consists of twenty-four women of different religious denominations, who are assisted by a Board of Advisers consisting of nine men.

The largest contributors to the funds of this institution hitherto, have been women, and the chief resident physician is Mrs. Emeline H. Cleveland, M.D., one of the Professors of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

This lady has lately returned from a visit of inspection to Hospitals in Europe, having spent nearly a year in that great government Hospital La Maternite of Paris, and bearing from it its diploma and other testimonials of proficiency.

NOTICE.—Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio, is an Agent for THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD; and is fully authorized to receive new subscriptions to the same, as well as payments on old accounts. Mrs. Brown's address is 288 Superior street.

GARRISON AND HIS CO-LABORERS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN my youth, I first heard of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and *The Liberator*, receiving my information from the lips of a Baptist brother, who had taken the paper. The notion I obtained was of a faithful, and somewhat strange man, accused of infidelity. A desire was begotten to see him, and read his paper; for, from the time that I first heard of human slavery, I have hated it.

At length, this desire of mine was gratified. It has become difficult for me to economize so as to exclude *The Liberator*.

I cannot say I was disappointed; but I have often mentioned the fact, that I found Mr. Garrison a perfect gentleman. There is no sham in his character. He is not one of those brisk, airy, or stiff, exclusive men, who sometimes get the name of gentlemen; but he has that intelligence, suavity, kindness, condescension, sincerity, friendliness, respect, knowledge of feeling and good manners combined, which constitute emphatically the perfect gentleman. Admiration is divided between the grace of his personal address, the purity and gentleness of his private life, and the faithfulness, energy, and Herculean character of his public positions and labors. Garrisonians, generally, about whom the bitterest things have been said, have been the freest from immorality and crime of any class of whom I have ever read or known. Mr. Garrison is surrounded by men and women of sharp and searching minds, but he always remains, without question or jealousy, the living centre. One may have more rhetoric, another more logic; but, such is his combination of talent, such his zeal, such his inspiration, and such has been his history, that the throne belongs to him without a doubt, or wish, or thought of change, on the part of his co-laborers. He has no jealousy himself; he cannot praise the faithfulness of others too much, nor can friendship swerve him from principles.

Mr. Garrison never has to retreat, change, or apologize. In particulars, he may possibly err; in general plans and moral sentiments, never. His way is onward. No matter how parties sway, where the Church halts, who falters, who betrays, who threatens, what subterfuges are sought, what pretences are put forth, how many clamor, he draws the sword of the Spirit, and cleaves to the very line of duty, and, in the name of the Unchangeable, bids all walk therein. In the face of the country, he has dared to say,

> The nation that can crush the weaker race,
> And hunt them as for beasts of chase,
> By armies, hounds, or laws more fell,
> Hangs topling on the verge of hell.

About this or that doctrine, he may believe too much or too little; but his faith in God, righteousness, justice, liberty, and immortality, is perfect.

To him first, and to others with him, have good men looked, and been strengthened. When they have seen parties reeking with corruption—parties setting out with noble watchwords, or fine pretensions, proving false to one, and belieing the other; when they have seen the Church apostatized, loving the wages of unrighteousness, worldly—ministers timid, time-serving; when they have seen the rich cankered by wealth, the fashionable vitiated by fashion, philosophy prostrated, literature polluted, humanity denied, God blasphemed, Christ crucified anew; when the whole mass of society seemed given over to sensualism, materialism, practical atheism, selfishness, scheming, vain conceits and deceits—men, women and children, following lies, trampling law, subverting natural affection—in all this, and more, they could look away, and behold one man, whom the nation is obliged to hear, standing still upon the rock of Eternal Truth, his prophetic voice raised in stern denunciation, piercing lamentation, terrific warnings, and saving instruction; and how mightily must this, the noblest moral spectacle of the nation or age, hold them back from despair and unbelief. We, preachers, have been busy of late, and especially were we at the last national fast, in setting forth the sins of the nation; yet the half is not told. Which of these transgressions can we fasten on him, of whom I am now speaking? He has not been busy aggregating a party, or rooting a sect, but in seeking the deliverance of a class, and the salvation of a nation.

Even now, the majority of American people are not prepared to speak the word that must be spoken, before they can see their way out of the labyrinthian troubles into which they have been drawn, and to set out in their work of repentance and general reformation, which would keep us from going down into the pit; still, there are certain tokens that the tongue is about to be unloosed, and guilty hearts are beginning to break.

When we are ready to say, "EMANCIPATION, and at any cost"—when we begin with equity—when the roar of cannon is exchanged for the shout of jubilee—then shall we turn, and also do homage to thy spirit, O Apostle of Liberty! Mayest thou, then, be still in the body! At that hour, schools of little politicians, squads of such divines as have been merely doctoring divinity or tinkering the Church, swarms of once lower-law men—a generation, I was about to say—will be anxious to exchange the united flames of their taper light reputations for the fadeless star of glory that will shine down upon thy brow. White will vie with black in gratitude and praise. Thy ability, discrimination, refinement, culture and service will all be acknowledged—thy associates receive their meed; yet the great lesson, so far as thyself is concerned, will be that of the infinite power of the man who intelligently and devotedly throws himself against THE GREAT SIN OF HIS DAY, and sacrifices self for the rescue of the weak, the rebuke of the strong, and the enrichment of the world.

L. H.

FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION—SLAVE-CATCHING BY THE ARMY.

ELMWOOD, Ill., Oct. 14, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE STANDARD and Mr. Pillsbury are right in their estimate of the joyful reception of Gen. Fremont's proclamation by the people of the North-west, and the grief and disappointment and bitter shame with which they read the President's letter to his father confessor, Joseph Holt. I was travelling at the time through Northern Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, and everywhere there arose one unanimous amen to Fremont's proclamation; everywhere the faces of the people glowed with a new and higher life. Friends, as I met them, exclaimed joyfully, "the Rubicon is passed," "the morning cometh"; and the old alliterative rallying cry of 1856—"Free soil, free speech, free men and Fremont"—was heard again, but with a new and glorious significance. Now, all is doubt and shame-faced sullenness. Almost every day is clouded by the funeral of some one of our boys who went into Missouri to fight for liberty and Union, but was sacrificed on the reeking altar of union for slavery. The cry "how long, O God! how long?" is acquiring a terrible volume and significance. In the meantime, the people are rapidly coming up to the standard of emancipation, and hear the most radical utterances gladly.

I enclose a slip from the Peoria *Transcript* of to-day, which contains a letter from Capt. Davidson of this County, a life-long Democrat, showing how the conduct of the war in Missouri fluctuates between the sublime and the ridiculous.

E. R. BROWN.

CAPTAIN DAVIDSON'S LETTER.

From The Peoria Transcript.

Captain Peter Davidson of the Peoria Flying Artillery, attached to the brigade of Brigadier-General Jeff. C. Davis, in Missouri, has been ordered by that officer under arrest. The trouble grew out of the "contraband" question. The following extract from a private letter from Captain Davidson to his law partner in this city, gives his version of the story, which, knowing the fearless character of the man, we have no doubt is the full truth:

"The Sheriff of Pettis County arrested two stray darkies and turned them over to the agent of the owner. Their owner, one Robinson of Johnson County, is in the Secession army and had them there acting as teamsters. Learning these facts, I deemed it a duty to capture the contrabands. The Quartermaster of the Eighth Indiana regiment got one. I sent a squad of men under Sergeant Titcomb to bring in the other, who was tied to a tree in the woods. He was brought in in double-quick. General Davis ordered me to return him to the agent or to the Sheriff. Being at the General's quarters, some three miles from camp, I did not immediately return, having some private business to attend to. In the meantime, the agent and Sheriff went to my camp and indirectly gave information by an interrogatory that the darkey was to be given up. The contraband, taking the hint, left camp at once for parts to me unknown. I have not seen him since, and have at no time known his whereabouts. For not scouring the country and finding the fugitive, General Davis ordered me in arrest. I informed General Davis that no power on earth could make me turn negro-hunter. As soon as we have another Commander, I shall press a court-martial—the result of which I do not fear—nor would the result, no matter how adverse, in any manner affect me, except what might be impossible to avoid. When I do right, I fear no *consequences*. Had the slave been within my power, I should have been necessitated to obey the order and would have done so; but I was glad he had left, and am still glad—I hope he may get away entirely. Secessionists leave their wives, children and property—in fact everything they hold dear and sacred—to the paternal care of the government of the United States for protection, while they seek to break the very arm that protects them. We play "Miss Nancy" and protect and return to them the very means that give to them nerve and support, while they despoil the friends of the government, and war with the armies of the Union. My doctrine is punish, confiscate—make the support and care of their families bring them back. The backbone of Secession could be broken in thirty days if the proclamation of Major-General Fremont, even as modified by President Lincoln, was vigorously carried out. What is the encouragement to stand by the Union, when those who seek to break up the Union are as well protected by the government as they? And when on the other hand Union men have no protection from the Secessionists? The Secessionists have all the advantage; they have protection on both sides. The Union men have only the mockery of protection from one. Under these circumstances some men may and do continue loyal; I believe most are loyal; but for this, governmental protection must receive little credit. It is due to that lofty patriotism, that can be neither smothered nor corrupted. The present policy of dealing with Secessionists must be changed, or there will be no end to the strife. Let the plague have an end, though it rage fiercely while it lasts.

"Yours truly,

P. DAVIDSON."

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, October 19, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD, who travelled ever so many years ago "across the Pampas and over the Andes," and published his adventures afterwards, is also a brilliant essayist, and has given forth to the world, first in *The Quarterly Review*, and more recently in two comely octavos, sundry particulars of the wonderful deeds of John Bull. Among these is a description of the London Post-office since Sir Rowland Hill became its chief administrator. He tells us that one of the most remarkable lieutenants of the Prince of Penny Postmen is "The Blind Man." The individual known by this dismal designation is so-called in virtue of the possession of a stupendous memory, extraordinarily sharp eyes, and great quickness of intellect—which are all necessary to qualify him for his especial vocation of deciphering illegible addresses, supplying imperfect ones, and generally enabling those epistles to reach their destination which have been popped into the Post-office in an unusually lame, destitute and helpless condition. I fear that some of your subordinates (if I may use the word to an American citizen) have been making work for The Blind Man in Saint Martin's le Grand, because for several weeks past all THE STANDARDS that reach me are directed simply with my name. I was naturally rather puffed up when this began to happen, as it gave me a higher idea of my notoriety than I had previously entertained. But the rising fumes of vanity were speedily dispelled when I discovered that all your European subscribers were honored in the same way. One inconvenience resulting from this change in your office was, that several subscribers did not get their papers, for even "The Blind Man," with all his perspicacity, did not know how to find them—and that others (to whom your delinquent officer directed the papers for a whole neighborhood) had to turn postmen themselves—or if not particularly conscientious [which, let us hope, they all were], they must have allowed their friends to find their STANDARDS after anxious inquiry.

I am rather glad to have something to complain of on the present occasion, in the hope that it may in degree hide my own blunders—for, contrary to the general course of newspaper correspondents (who are mostly infallible), I am obliged to cry *peccavi*, and by an open confession to atone as far as possible for the mischief I may have done. In a letter of mine, dated Sept. 7, and published by you Sept. 28, last past, I said that "whenever it becomes a question [with the English people] of a loaf or no bread, I would not greatly rely upon the patience of the lively old gentleman [meaning Lord Palmerston] who governs us in the Queen's name"—meaning that, under such circumstances, he might be glad of any pretence for stepping in and breaking the blockade, in order to get us out of the difficulty we are likely to be placed in by a famine of cotton. My reason for saying so was, that I had just been told, on what appeared plausible authority, that this would probably be the case, since we all know that, generally speaking, statesmen, when sorely pressed, are often not particularly scrupulous. Now, although I take especial pains to disclaim any disposition to speak *ex cathedra* on public affairs, and was particularly cautious in the letter in question, I admit that my letter had no sooner passed into the possession of her Majesty's Postmaster-General, than I would have gladly cancelled the passage in question. But my repentance did not save me from punishment, for within a few days I was gently but firmly taken to task for my indiscretion. A friend of mine and of yours, who is surpassed by none for intelligence and integrity, and who has access to sources of information to which I—who am only "a private"—lay no claim, assures me our government have acted with the most unswerving loyalty respecting the blockade, and that they have used their utmost efforts to induce other powers to follow their example. Indeed, I have seen no item of intelligence in any of our newspapers which gives a shadow of justification to a contrary opinion. An American correspondent of mine, in a letter lately received from him, says that England's "ruling classes are selfish, and in this contest of ours their selfishness is strongly appealed to. Their abolitionism is sentimental and traditional. On the abstract question of human rights and human duties involved in this controversy they would be found in the last analysis to be on the side of the slaveholder. Indeed, many of them already, without waiting for the last analysis, have substantially ranged themselves on that side." Now, that the ruling classes of England, like all other classes of human beings, are often liable to the charge of selfishness, I do not deny—but I doubt if they are more obnoxious to this charge than most other classes would be when their interests were involved. The fact I believe to be that they have no interest in the support of American slavery, and that the aristocracy and upper classes of the English people are, according to their light, as hostile to that institution as any other section of their countrymen. They could reap no possible benefit from the success of the Confederate States; and they share the all but universal abhorrence of the execrable basis on which the Southern statesmen mean to establish their national polity. If it could be shown that the English interests would be served by the slaveholders' success, *it may be* that the English people would give way to the temptation so far as to agree to an ill-starred alliance. But that no such temptation at present exists is, I think, clear from the uniform tone of the higher class of our periodical literature. My American friend is glad that I am "alive to the inroads which slavery has made on the influential circles of England." I think he refers to a former letter of mine, in your columns, in which I stated that, considering the intercourse of our higher classes with travelled Americans, who are or have been generally defenders or apologists of slavery, it would be no wonder if the traditional hostility of Englishmen to slavery had been weakened. Under such circumstances, it is honorable to England that her sympathies are so generally on your side, notwithstanding your national propensity to pick quarrels with her, and the knowledge we have that in so doing your statesmen always find one of the easiest roads to power and popularity. Of all classes of Englishmen, those who are interested in the purchase and manufacture of cotton are they who are most naturally open to the imputation of a selfish leaning to the planters, and yet no instance has come to my knowledge from which they could be accused of having shown such a disposition. I have been told by another American friend that the indiscreet expression I have just now recanted deprives me of any consistent ground for complaint against Mr. Phillips for the disparaging remarks he made about the English government and the English people collectively. I do not think so. I merely expressed a suspicion that Lord Palmerston, if sorely pressed, might endeavor to break the blockade. I had no sufficient ground for my suspicion. Nor had Mr. Phillips for his downright accusation; and the difference between us is just that which lies between an unjust suspicion cautiously expressed and an unqualified imputation. However, we were both in the wrong, and it was natural that, with his superior talents, his error should far outweigh my poor little peccadillo.

There is one imputation commonly made against Englishmen generally, which they are rather glad to admit (for they greatly like to be considered practical), and that is, that they are remarkably matter of fact. This being so, it is no wonder that, whilst the South are fighting for the establishment of an empire based on slavery, and the North are contending for the integrity of a Union in which slavery is to continue, as heretofore, an institution cherished and protected with all the power of the State, the majority of our people should be unable to see much to choose between them. I hope and believe it is true that, throughout the most respectable portion of the Northern population, the days of slavery are regarded as numbered—but so long as this is only whispered in your closets, it is no just cause of complaint against us that we do not talk, and write, and act as we should unquestionably do if we heard it proclaimed from your house-tops.

The very letter to which I have already, with such a just sense of my own delinquencies, referred you, made me say that I had read Grotius de Bello ac Pace, and therefore was ignorant of the recognized principles of commercial morality. No compliment to Grotius! What I did say was, that I had not read Grotius. And now I hope his offended shade is appeased.

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE SUMMARY.—The sciences of soul and body—Making haste slowly—Euphemistic answers to social riddles—A good opening for a future historian—Some observations in aid of the same—Buckle in Boston—The *North American Review* extinguishes him—*The Post* is nevertheless converted, and comes out a Positive Philosopher—Its very slender success in that personation—Mr. Herbert Spencer commended to young students—A "symptom and manifestation" of Mr. Buckle from a Boston contribution to a New York journal—The History of Civilization *per se*—Whether subversive of morality, etc., etc.

BOSTON, November 4, 1861.

THE physiologists tell us that all the blood is exposed to the action of the atmosphere twenty-three times in an hour; at least I will assume this is about the figure, having no book at hand for reference. Well, when the atmosphere is highly oxygenated, as at present, should not the psychologists tell us that the minds and consciences of men are renewed at a corresponding rate? If this were indeed the case, I should not long for a position where there were first-hand martial facts to report upon. For what could better repay observation and comment than the changing moral attitudes of men who, in their aggregate capacity, have direction of the facts above mentioned? But in truth we have been advancing in a very tortoise-like (not to say crab-like) manner during the last few weeks. The people have given small indication of furnishing their Washington representatives with those higher qualities of statesmanship which the time demands. Captain, save the ship!—but do not touch the helm, or give an order without the unanimous approval of all the sea-sick ladies in the cabin! If such is, indeed, the necessity of the case, why, then, the weakness of our governors is the almost attractive weakness of those who do their best.

The best sign I can tell you of is this: that certain old catch-words of half-education are rapidly disappearing from among us. There is room, I hope, for a little sentimental regret in taking leave of those dear old euphemisms that used to be such nice economies of thought and speech. It is no more than right that modern science should promise to teach us French in six lessons, or dye our hair for life at a single sitting, if we must dispense with the patent labor-saving solutions of social difficulties, once so convenient to well-bred people. If the question presented itself, why a needle might be made to float upon water, or how the fifty-cent ghosts performed their spiritual rappings, was there not an exhaustive explanation at hand in the single word, ELECTRICITY? If, instead of a social confusion or atmospheric attraction, some unpopular moral principle striving to vitalize a community demanded analysis and disposition, there was an *Apage* equally convenient and effective in the phrase, ONE IDEA. It is interesting to mark how this mad-dog cry of *One Idea*, which used to be synonymous with a narrow culture and thought in one direction, now follows men who were yesterday supposed to be as "many-sided" in their worldliness as Goethe himself. This will furnish a noticeable chapter in that History of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America yet to be written—a most valuable and instructive work it will be; alas, that it can only edify a future generation! I think it must be conceded that, from the protesting position you occupied, you have in the main acted wisely (that is, necessarily) in constantly exposing the sharp contrasts between the professions and actions of men. It was of the first necessity to exhibit the old discordance between conventionalities and realities, and especially the gross materialism of those quasi-spiritual teachers who flaunted their theological jewels as too precious for the coarse setting of secular occasions. But I like to think that the present time is best to be served by making larger allowance for the subtle connection which, in all human characters, exists between good and evil. The most incomplete mind has a certain completeness of its own, and by recognizing this it may at times be helped to a natural expansion. The pervading spirit of Northern society inclines to be noble and generous. It will not do for those who have studied the morbid anatomy of morals to inquire too curiously into the conditions of men who show external symptoms of health. I rejoice, therefore, in your willingness to overlook the casuistical arguments of all who are of one purpose. Welcome to Mr. Brownson, who believes what Beranger's song calls *Ce Dieu qu'on protège à Rome* will no longer protect the great Outlaw of the Union! There is need of much patience, as well as much labor. For the end of these things will come in that Hamlet-tragedy fashion so common here below. You have spoken for the awful Spirit of the Past, calling upon us to exert the energy of free will for our deliverance. But, immersed in time and passion, we could only dally with sophisms and invent excuses; till at last, blindly (perhaps fatally), the force of circumstances will compel the deed.

There is something noticeable in the grotesque treatment which a recent work of great erudition and power has received in Boston. You remember that startling reply of Dr. Johnson, when a lady of easy manners complimented him on putting no immodest words in his Dictionary: "*Yes, Ma'am; I see you've been looking for them.*" I have never thought the retort so savage as it at first appears; for the fact is, that people generally *do* find, or think they find, what they look for. There is no volume, whether of Divine inspiration or human genius, whose teachings may not be perverted to very shabby uses. By ignoring the spirit and essence of the Bible, and insisting on the literal rendering of certain passages, plucked at random from the context, there is no doubt that polygamy, slavery, and many lesser indiscretions, may be sustained and defended. The treatment accorded in this city to Buckle's History of Civilization may be adduced in profane illustration of the same truth. Many of your readers must, by this time, have seen the two published volumes of this very remarkable work. It is the first attempt to make a scientific statement of history, and is full of suggestions of great originality and value, even if the general method of its investigations should be ultimately rejected. The subjects of inquiry to which Mr. Buckle has devoted his life are of the deepest human concern. But, from the very greatness of the undertaking—from the fact that it is only a pioneer in a method of writing history that centuries of human toil can bring to nothing like completeness—it is the easiest of all books to "demolish" in an unscrupulous review. The limitations of humanity make necessary a certain one-sidedness in presenting the multitudinous facts collected to support the theory. By making use of obvious objections inherent in the nature of the undertaking, and furnishing an *ad captandum* attack on Mr. Buckle's belief in general laws as a faith destroying all morality, a writer in the last *North American Review* makes a plausible travesty of the patience and genius of this profound student. Of course, every educated man knows that if predestination, and a consequent annihilation of morality, can be logically proved from some of the statements of Mr. Buckle, it is no more than can be proved from the statements of most Christian writers of note, from St. Paul to Jonathan Edwards. Logic can unquestionably deduce this doctrine from attributes which all the higher religions bestow upon the Deity. But what of it? It is utterly impossible to persuade any individual who ever lived that, within certain limits, he and his neighbors are not free and responsible. *Datur non intelligitur.* God has granted us freedom; but He has not given us the wit to explain it. The review in question is as amusing reading as those old Edinburgh howlings at Wordsworth, where the writers, endeavoring to review their subject, only wrote capital reviews of themselves. Still, if there be any good man who likes to take his opinions from our quarterly ex-potentate, he may be confirmed by learning that alleged friends of Mr. Buckle's book use it to the aid and comfort of American Slavery. I snipped a column from my *Post* the other day, which seemed to show that a little Positive Philosophy was a far more "dangerous thing" than "a little learning"—though the observation would not have jingled quite as musically in Pope's couplet. The scrap in question (which now reposes under its appropriate head in my collection of such curiosities) is founded upon a long citation from Mr. Buckle, of which this is the gist: *First alter public opinion, and then you may alter the law.* A very unobjectionable sentiment, which he of *The Post* endorses after this fashion: "It is impossible to force an institution or an idea upon a people which they are not prepared to receive; a change of sentiment should always precede a change of action," etc., being much more to the same purpose. Very nice truisms these, capable of being beaten out into many essays of the Country Parson sort. But how preposterous the conclusion that they prove the folly of the present emancipation party! How are we to get the change of sentiment which must precede the change of action? Surely, by boldly declaring the truth, and its claims to immediate adoption. Isaiah doubtless understood that a change of sentiment must precede a change of action as clearly as any stationary bit of timber in Jewry; but he nevertheless declared what sort of a Fast was acceptable to God, though his countrymen could not, and did not, receive it. The fallacy is one into which very young men occasionally stumble. They take a truth concerning the development of society as seen from a position outside of it, and twist this into a rule for the conduct of the temporary individuals who compose society. E. G. *Virtue tends to the same point as consistent selfishness, therefore selfishness is an easy guide to virtue! The production of the greatest happiness is the end of all systems of morals; therefore the production of greatest happiness, taken as a standard for the daily conduct of the individual, will produce a perfection of the moralities!* One would commend a study of the works of Mr. Herbert Spencer to the amateur Positivist of *The Post*. That gentleman is an acknowledged head of this school of thought in England, and is mentioned by Mr. Buckle with the highest terms of respect. Mr. Spencer has written most eloquent warnings against the perversion of certain generalizations upon society into a law for the private citizen. Instead of promoting the adaptation between a community and its institutions, he shows how certainly this is prevented by a blunder so fatal: "Not as adventitious," he exclaims, "will the wise man regard the truth that is in him, not as something that may be made subordinate to the calculations of policy; but as the supreme authority to which all his actions should bend. By endeavoring to get embodied in fact his present idealisms, he is playing his appointed part in the world; knowing that if he can get done the thing aimed at, well; if not, well also, though not so well. No hesitation, no paltering about probable results, but implicit obedience to what we believe to be the law, is the course laid down for us."

A remark or two will suffice for a later use to which a gentleman of this city has put Mr. Buckle. In a recent copy of *The Independent* I found the following text from that author placed at the head of an article condemning the policy of the emancipationists: "What is termed the political power of a class is only the symptom and manifestation of its real power; and it is no use to attack the first UNLESS you can also weaken the second." As the whole purpose of the article in question is to show that, in destroying by blockade the cotton monopoly of the slaveholders, we *are* weakening the "real power," it would seem to follow that now was the time of all others to attack the "symptom and manifestation" of slavery. Mr. Buckle's sentence, so far as it has any bearing upon the case, advises directly against the views it is quoted to sustain. It may likewise be observed, in passing, that this *Independent* writer quietly *assumes* "that the immediate freedom of the slave must be purchased at the expense of civilization to white and black at the South." This is begging the entire question. Men who have studied the subject by all available lights of history and analogy declare, in the language of Dr. Cheever, that at the present time emancipation would be "a measure of mercy both to the slaves and the slaveholder, safe and beneficent to all parties, and of incalculable blessing to the country and to mankind."

Finally, Mr. Buckle himself is a man for whom we may be thankful; though it is doubtful whether he has received the worst treatment at the hands of friends or foes. In spite of the shrewd and admirable suggestions he has given us, it must for a long time remain an open question whether the processes and analogies of physical science can be used to explain the life of man upon earth. The primary cause of human progress may lie in the intellect, but we can never abandon a practical belief in the spiritual nature of man, whose office it is to modify and direct the power the intellect accumulates. Mr. Buckle's book can produce moral paralysis in no man who is not hopelessly diseased before reading it. The surfaces of phenomena may be fitted into each other with all the nicety of a dessecting map—we may one day get an absolute science of things visible—yet there is something within which can never rest in natural causalities, but through all vanishing illusions feels the accountability of man and the presence of God. In the meantime the book in question, if read aright, must stimulate individuals to intelligent exertion—showing as it does how far the ignorance and meanness it exposes are below the destiny whereto humanity

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4, 1861.

FIFTY thousand more men are on the road to Washington, and it is generally supposed that there are nearly two hundred thousand here already. What is an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men to do in the vicinity of Washington? Will they go into barracks for winter quarters? This can hardly be. More troops would not be ordered here if the government had not some idea of fighting a battle ere long; and, in spite of the peace-prophets, I believe that some serious fighting in the vicinity of the Capital is certain before winter sets in, always provided that the Naval expedition is a success. There are many preparations which indicate vigorous operations in the field immediately, and the story trumpeted in many newspapers that barracks are being erected for the entire army here is false. Barracks for perhaps 60,000 troops will be built, or are contracted for, at the present time, but no provision is made for the remainder of the troops in this vicinity.

It is possible that the plan of our military leaders is to confront the rebel army at Manassas with a strong force till winter sets in, and then to transport troops to the extreme South, where the mildness of the climate will permit military operations to be carried on till spring. It is understood here that Gen. Scott favors some such plan, but each great military oracle has a band of friends, some of whom represent his plans to be defensive merely, while others are equally sure that they will be offensive and sanguinary. These street and hotel rumors are to be taken with much allowance. It is, however, pretty certain that Mr. Seward's policy contemplates no great battle near the Capital. That is his idea of the fall campaign—no fighting here, and if any, at a distance, along the Southern coast—according to common report. But it must be remembered that the pressure upon the President and Gen. McClellan is very great. Members of Congress, Governors, and others, are constantly representing to the government here the necessity of immediate action, somewhere in the vicinity of Washington—that the people cannot much longer endure the humiliation of seeing their Capital beleaguered by a rebel army, the Potomac navigation cut off, with a Union army of four hundred thousand men in the field, and the war costing ten millions a week. These constant representations have their effect upon the government, and it will be almost impossible to resist an onward movement, if the Southern expedition is not a failure. No one demands that our Generals shall undertake anything for which they are incompetent, but the voice of the people is for an active, not an inactive policy. The people scent a compromise in a winter of peace, and the popular instinct is right. Let the winter pass by without fighting, and the spring will witness a peaceful separation, or an inglorious compromise with slavery and the rebel leaders.

The resignation of Gen. Scott and the promotion of Gen. McClellan is the topic of the hour. A large crop of rumors is afloat respecting the retirement of Gen. Scott. Some will have it that he retired because he could not have his own way, and that Gen. McClellan would have retired from the service if Scott had not. There is no truth in these statements. Gen. Scott has really been unfit all summer to occupy the position of General-in-Chief, in consequence of his physical inabilities. He has often been obliged to dictate his orders from the couch of pain, and strangers coming into his office during the hours of the day have been surprised to find him asleep upon his camp-bedstead, or from his couch pointing out with a long stick upon a wall-map the progress of the campaign. Latterly he has been unfit for planning a campaign, and it was fully time for him to give way to some one else; for, although it may be that McClellan is not the great soldier many take him to be, yet he will do a great deal better alone than he could have done with a bed-ridden General over him.

McClellan is now the man of the hour. All eyes are turned upon him, and people are anxious to know whether he is fit for the position he occupies. So far, he has only shown that he is able to inspirit a demoralized army, and to organize it so that it behaves very handsomely in reviews. It is believed very generally that he has the right stuff in him for a great General, and that he will in the end fully justify the generous confidence of the government and people.

In his political opinions Gen. McClellan *was* a non-interventionist on the slavery question. He was a warm admirer of Senator Douglas, and owes the rebel leaders a hearty hatred for their infamous conduct toward Douglas. How he stands *to-day* upon the slavery question it is difficult to ascertain. Since his entering the service of the United States, he has issued two or three pro-slavery orders, and it has generally been understood in Washington that he is what the politicians term "eminently conservative" on the slavery question. He may have changed of late, as the administration is changing, but there is no evidence of it.

A Western member of Congress, a few days since, had an interview with President Lincoln on the subject of Fremont's removal, when he admitted that the Administration was at first very much displeased by the slave proclamation issued by the General. "But," asked the M. C., "do you not believe you will soon have to adopt the principle of the proclamation, or something like it?" "We are *drifting* in that direction," was Mr. Lincoln's reply. Such is the fact. The government, Gen. McClellan, and the American people *are drifting in that direction.* Those critics who are very severe upon the Administration for not at once declaring through our Generals the emancipation of all the slaves forget that nearly one-half the free States are as yet opposed to such a policy, and at least the same proportion of the troops are pro-slavery, or if not pro-slavery, have no stomach for a war of emancipation. This fact is some sort of excuse for the Administration. Even if the President were in favor of slave emancipation, he still might, as a matter of policy, prefer to give time for the war to develop a stronger and more universal anti-slavery sentiment at the North. The real trouble lies in the fact, that Mr. Lincoln does not incline to such a policy, and will not adopt it unless the people almost unanimously demand it. Believing, as he honestly does, that to proclaim emancipation would be an unconstitutional, or extra constitutional act, he will not resort to it unless certain that the people will fully justify him.

The only hope of making this a war of freedom lies in the history of events. The fortunes of the war may *drive* the government and people to do justice to the slave—I say *the people*, for the people are not yet right on this question, though they are undoubtedly in advance of the government. The place-mongers, contract-jobbers, and other people, who swarm at the departments, are pro-slavery. They are the meaner portion of the people of the North—men who wish to make fortunes out of the sufferings of their fellows. Such wretches abound in Washington, and help to form opinion in and around the Executive mansion, so that it is very difficult for President or Secretary to fully appreciate the sentiment of the people on the subject. When Congress comes again together, the Administration will begin to understand more fully the wishes of the people, and it is to be hoped will conform to them.

AVON.

A DESERVING CHARITY.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE, New York, Nov. 2d, 1861.

IN the midst of so much grander interests, the public are probably hardly aware of a humble charity which, for many years, has been doing its labor of love among the poor of our city.

We allude to the East River Industrial School (132 East 40th Street, near 3d Avenue).

The Managers having it in charge find great difficulty in carrying it on. To close this School would be a great misfortune to the poor of that quarter. Many poor widows, as well as the wives of volunteers and very destitute laboring people, send their children there, and depend on the simple meal and the little assistance of shoes and clothing to carry them through the winter. Without the school, the children would be driven out upon the street to beg or make a living as they best can. Many of them, no doubt, would fall into bad courses of life, and many would suffer from cold and hunger during the approaching winter. This charity has done its work with but little noise in the world, yet hundreds of well-trained and respectable young girls among the servants and factory-girls of the city, saved from misery and want, show its good influence. Very few, indeed, of its scholars have ever become chargeable on the public, whether for vice or poverty.

The expenses are slight—only some $800 per annum—while the pupils, schooled and clothed and fed for the year, amount to 240. Without liberal assistance, the school *must be closed.*

Surely, even in these times of war, there will be some "to remember the poor children" before winter and hunger come upon them.

Donations may be sent to any one of the undersigned.

Miss S. S. PHELPS, corner of Madison Avenue and 37th street.

Mrs. JAMES CUMMINS, Secretary, 75 East 27th street.

Mrs. CAROLINE E. PARK, Treasurer, 7 East 38th street.

Also to the CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, 11 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, marked for East River School.

Our Western Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 2, 1861.

SOME of my recent experiences in travelling through a large portion of this State are quite well worth sending to THE STANDARD, if, in these days, one's pen could move with the rapidity of events and the thoughts atwin with them. I have lately had the privilege of addressing about 8,000 people in different portions of our State, in favor of seizing the golden moment to free ourselves and the world of the last vestige of Human Slavery. These lectures have been public and free. In all these cases I have not heard one hiss or other offensive manifestation; and if I got any applause, it was at the most radical statement. On these occasions I have met and conversed with many hundreds of people hitherto unknown to me; and while the majority were in favor of making a clean thing of it by full emancipation, I have met with only one man who was not in favor of Fremont's proclamation on the subject of slavery.

About this one man I may make some mention which will be very suggestive to the President, if he is ever vouchsafed a glimpse of THE STANDARD. He was a leading man on the War Committee, at Urbana, Ohio. When I had arranged to go to this place, the recruiting agents, conservative citizens, etc., scenting a radical rodent in the announcement, took the precaution to have my visit fall on the day of a large military mass-meeting. When I arrived I was placed under escort of the Military Committee. Then followed hints. Hint 1, That they were all united for the sake of the Union. Hint 2, That a word on the Slavery question would upset the whole arrangement. Hereupon the member of the Committee, to whom I allude, remarked that Fremont was the most dangerous man in the nation. Whereupon:

Your Correspondent—You don't mean to say that you are in favor of guarding the slaves of rebels, whilst they go to cut the throats of these young men you are sending out!

Committeeman—I am opposed to having this war turned into a war for abolition.

Y. C.—The war is a war for that already, and we can't help that. Beauregard is dealing blows against that as much as Fremont. The question is, shall our army be a big patrol for Southern plantations, whilst traitors leave them to assassinate Liberty?

Com.—I won't have anything to do with a war for interfering with the domestic institutions of the South.

Y. C.—Then will you not have to stop the war altogether? The family is an institution down South (such as it is), and when your soldier shoots down the head of the family, doesn't he interfere with its institutions? Property is an institution—don't you interfere with it when you confiscate a rebel's horse?

Com.—But Slavery's a different thing.

Y. C.—A very indifferent thing, I think. But what if it turns out that by holding on to the rebels' slaves for them, you consolidate them into a power strong enough *to whip us?*

Com.—If this government cannot be sustained without interfering with slavery, I say let it go down!

If any one can find me a man opposed to Fremont's proclamation as touching slavery, who, if pressed, will not admit that he had rather the government should go down than slavery, he will be suitably rewarded by sending that name to your office.

A great fuss is made over Holt, Crittenden & Co., because they are for the Union. But let us wait until these men are tried. It is easy to be strong upon the stronger side, especially when that stronger side leaps with Self. But wait until the issue is direct between slavery and the Union, as it will be, and mark which of these comes out on the side of the Union. Indeed, it does not require a very deep analysis to show that a man who wishes to preserve the slaves of men arrayed against the Union has already preferred slavery to that Union. It is a logical necessity. Consequently serious doubts are making their way into many minds, *whether our own government is loyal.* Can a government be loyal which to-day stands balancing slavery against the life of the nation and the men who defend it? A member of Congress, who has been lately at Washington, imploring a change of policy toward slavery, told me, on his return last Wednesday, that he had grave doubts whether our Administration desired or expected to preserve the integrity of the Union, or meant only to fulfil the formulas of a war, so as to fulfil their constitutional oaths, until the people, exhausted and convinced of the impossibility of conquering the South, should order a division! Meanwhile our anti-slavery memories—proverbially long—will not fail to remember several facts; among them, first, that under this Administration, elected in the interest of liberty, more fugitive slaves have already, in six months, been illegally returned into slavery, than under the eight years of Buchanan and Pierce put together. Second, that freedom has received more wounds that rankle to-day, than under any Administration ever known among us. Third, that the papers which sustain the Administration in its policy toward Fremont, involving freedom, are the lowest and vilest of the Democratic press—such as had to be forced by mobs into a seeming loyalty; that the first Republican President has to find his counsellors and sympathisers in such papers as the N. Y. *Herald*, the Boston *Post*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and Vallandigham's paper in Dayton.

The friends of Fremont breathe freer since the publication of Adj. Gen. Thomas's Report. So many hints were thrown out that they were prepared for a much harder battle than that involves. The Report is divisible into 1, Lies; 2, Unwarranted inferences; 3, Absurb blunders; 4, Malicious perversions of fact.

New Publications.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY HISTORY OF THE JOHN-BROWN YEAR: being the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society. New York: American Anti-Slavery Society, No. 5 Beekman St., 1861.—8 vo., pp. 337.

THE completion of this Annual Report—which narrates the progress of the Society, and of the movement which it represents, for the year preceding May 1st, 1860—has been delayed by unforeseen circumstances; but this very delay has allowed the attainment of a fulness and accuracy of detail, most needful on such a subject, and most important at such a crisis as the present.

The enterprise undertaken by John Brown in Virginia has come to be viewed very differently from the hasty estimate at first put upon it by the conductors of the periodical press. The self-sacrificing devotion of its noble leader was then spoken of as madness, or fanaticism. The intelligence, mental vigor, serenity, and manifold nobleness of character displayed by John Brown during the mockery of a legal trial which he underwent, and during the imprisonment which was closed by his judicial murder, had already wrought a material change in public opinion respecting him; and the course of political events since that time has so irresistibly compelled the attention of the whole people to that system of slavery which he attacked, as to settle the fact that it must remain conspicuous before the eyes, and a household word in the mouths of men, until its utter and final abolition. These things being so, the truth of history demands an ample and minute record of those events which mark the immensely important transition period, between the supremacy of slavery and the downfall of slavery. Such a record, comprising the most important facts and movements in regard to this subject occurring between May, 1859, and May, 1860, is given in this Report. The future historian of this important period will find in it a material aid to his work; and few readers of the present day have so carefully watched the facts and signs of the times, as not to need the variety of information which it contains.

The Report opens with a sketch of the movements in regard to Kansas and Nebraska, and the projects then entertained for the formation of new slave States. Subsequent events give a peculiar interest to the following quotation, which it makes from a letter from a Southerner in Kansas, published in the Charleston *Mercury*, with the editorial remark that it points in the right direction. The Southron says:

"It is conceded that Kansas will be a Free Soil, Black Republican State, beyond question. . . . . We have about 2,700 Southern men in Kansas still, and they intend emigrating South as soon as Kansas is admitted into the Union. We are connected with a Southern organization, and, including all, we have about 17,000 men. The next theatre for action will be the Indian Territory south of Kansas, including Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw nations."—p. 11.

No doubt many such foreshadowings of that rebellion of the Slave Power which has since broken out, may be found scattered in the Southern press of that period. It should be particularly remembered that the subsequent alliance of the Indian tribes with that rebellion is the natural result of the course of policy pursued among them in regard to slavery, for forty years, by the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Many details of evidence are given here respecting the constantly existing stealthy operations of the foreign slave trade, and of the movements preliminary to an attempt at its legalization and open reëstablishment; also respecting the domestic slave trade, and the system of kidnapping, all along the Northern border of slavery, by which it is reënforced.

The cases of voluntary manumission which have become known are recorded; also some details of the increasing flight of slaves towards liberty; also some cases of trials under the Fugitive Slave law; and many interesting circumstances in relation to Rescues and Rescue Trials.

Facts in regard to the enterprise of John Brown, his preparation for it and conduct in it, his mockery of a trial, his heroic death, the search after his actual companions, and the longer search, utterly fruitless, among prominent members of the Republican party, for evidence implicating them in his movement, are given at considerable length. After these follow some of the expressions of opinion which these events elicited from intelligent foreigners; and then the Report gives us an abstract of that system of barbarous persecution against Northern men travelling or temporarily residing in the South, which increased from that time, until no people of Northern birth, not vouched for by well-known and thorough-going advocates of slavery, could either live there longer in quiet, or travel there for health, or continue in the pursuit of their customary business or pleasure. The account of facts of this sort, and of the censorship of the mails and press next following, and of the system of commercial proscription which succeeded these, occupies, necessarily, a considerable space in the Report.

As it has been common to find the recorded instances of special and enormous cruelty to slaves met by sweeping denial, the evidence of some well-established cases of this kind is very properly given, and this is followed by a detail of the shameful injustice inflicted on colored people by the laws and customs of the Northern States; all of which have proved themselves unworthy of the epithet "Free," while some of them, in the meanness and exhaustive intensity of their persecution of African blood, show a depravity equal to that of the worst slave States.

The forty octavo pages needed to record the action of Congress, and of the individual States, in regard to slavery, are an instructive comment upon the persistent efforts made to keep that subject out of these bodies. Like Banquo's ghost, it will persist in appearing among the guilty, until full retribution has been executed upon them.

The chapter on "The Church" gives abundant evidence that the relation of the various ecclesiastical bodies in this country to slavery continued to be what it had previously been. It cites "an authentic table of statistics," from which it appears that ministers and members of the Methodist Church, North and South, hold 219,000 slaves; of the Presbyterian Church, Old School and New, 77,000; Baptists, 125,000; Reformed Baptists (not past the need of further reformation), 101,000; Episcopalians, 88,000; and all other denominations, 55,000; making 665,000 human beings held as chattels by members of self-styled Christian Churches in this country. The Churches which oppose themselves to this state of things are correctly represented as few in number, and small in influence; and the small success (alleged by the Report) in efforts of "The Church Anti-Slavery Society" to arouse these bodies to a fulfilment of their duties toward the slave, is corroborated by the very latest action of the General Association (Congregationalist) of this State, which, by a formal resolution, last month, assumes the preaching and practice of its members to be sufficiently anti-slavery for practical purposes, and thereupon turns the cold shoulder to "The Church Anti-Slavery Society," for whose interference, and even existence, the Association "see no occasion."

The Report informs us, next, of the continuance in a directly pro-slavery position of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," and of the "American Tract Society"; and it shows how the Boston Tract Society, instead of maintaining its old complicity with slavery without regard to the change of tide, is gradually edging round, cautiously following the moderate movement towards reformation in the Churches, just as that keeps a little behind the reformatory movement of the people at large.

A chapter of Foreign Intelligence gives account of the principal movements of friends of freedom on the continent of Europe, and, more particularly, of the action of our English friends, for the year in question. The Report ends with appropriate obituary notices of our faithful fellow-laborers, EFFINGHAM CAPRON, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, and Rev. CYRUS PIERCE.

An Appendix records the doings of the Annual Meeting of 1860, and a full and carefully-prepared Index assists those who would refer to any particular subject, fact or person mentioned in it.

Our readers will do well to possess themselves of this valuable pamphlet without delay. It may be found for sale at this office, and at the Anti-Slavery Offices in other cities.

THE REJECTED STONE: or, Insurrection vs. Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. Pp. 132. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

WE hardly dare to speak our mind of this little book, lest we should be thought extravagant in our admiration; but really, we have read nothing else respecting the great struggle between the North and the South, and the issues depending thereon, that has made so deep an impression upon us. It is the production of a mind endowed with clearest insight, all aglow with love of humanity and truth, and gifted with an aphoristic power of expression scarcely inferior to that of Victor Hugo. It throbs in every line with the divinest pulsations of liberty. *The Christian Examiner*, while dissenting from the author's conclusion, concedes that he dismisses the question "with a depth of conviction, a boldness of utterance, cogency of argument, wealth of illustration, and withal a keenness of satire and a fervid eloquence, which insure readers for the book." One brief extract from its pages we have already printed (see STANDARD of Oct. 26th, fourth page); we must copy more hereafter. Here are its closing paragraphs, which we hope will prove a stimulus powerful enough to set all our readers at once to the important work of circulating the Memorial to Congress that will be found in another column:

"We all see plainly that our government is led by the people, and that the people must first pass the great acts which must guide their rulers. This has always been the case where any great and solemn crisis has arrived to a nation, involving high moral principles. Diplomatists and politicians never strike a great blow for the right except from the constraining force of public opinion; the wrong they do is spontaneous; if they must do right, they take care to explain that it is from military or political necessity; but they seem never to fear that a measure will not be supported because of its unrighteousness. The heart of England was absolutely all aflame and seething against slavery in the West Indies, whilst the government was cold and impassive. One day the petitions for emancipation were so numerous and bulky, that it took six men to carry them into Parliament. Then Parliament stirred a little. One day afterward, it was reported that 800,000 women of England—one for every slave in the Indies—were knocking at the door of Parliament, and demanding the emancipation of the slaves. Then the government sent them word: 'Go to your homes; the slave is free.'

"There is no reason why Americans should not be as earnest and persistent as their English relatives. There is no reason why we should not have our six men to carry in our petitions for emancipation into the next Congress, and our 800,000, or 4,000,000 women besieging the government for that peace which can alone repose on justice.

"Many a young man is asking in these times, How can I best befriend my country? Young man! You can befriend it by letting your manhood utter itself in word and deed; by bearing with your whole weight, howsoever you can make it felt, for the liberation of the slave, which now means the liberation and peace of your country. Many a noble woman yearns to serve in some post of duty, and complains in her secret soul of the hard fate that seems to shut her out from places of active usefulness. Women! Remember those who were 'last at the cross and earliest at the sepulchre'—remember those 800,000 women who wrung from England that bright First of August—the Coronal Day of Nations—and swear a sacred oath to-day that your prayer shall be heard in the Capitol of this nation imploring liberty and justice for the slave—the things that belong to our country's peace."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS UNDER THE LAW: In Three Lectures, delivered in Boston, January, 1861, by Caroline H. Dall, author of "Woman's Right to Labor," "Historical Pictures Retouched," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street, 1861. Pp. 164.

Mrs. Dall needs not an introduction to our readers, and it will be enough to say of the present work that it will not disappoint those who have formed the highest estimate of her qualifications to speak and write upon whatever relates to the Rights and Duties of Woman. She has invested her subject—which, in most hands, would be dry and technical—with an interest, we had almost said a fascination, akin to that of the highest works of fiction or of art; thereby illustrating, in the most convincing way, the applicability to the case in hand of the common axiom, that those who wear the shoe can tell best where and how it pinches.

Mrs. Dall treats her subject under three heads, viz.: 1. The Oriental Estimate and the French Law; 2. The English Common Law; 3. The United States Law, and Some Thoughts on Human Rights. Every page bears evidence of careful research and reflection, and of the clear insight vouchsafed to all who plead a just cause from elevated motives. In order to secure technical accuracy in her treatment of the laws, Mrs. Dall subjected her manuscript and proofs to the revision of Samuel E. Sewall, Esq., an eminent member of the Boston Bar. She dedicates her work "To the Friends of Forsaken Women throughout the World; because the lives of such women are the legitimate result of the spirit of the laws."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November (Boston. Ticknor and Fields) will not disappoint its friends in respect either to the variety or the quality of its contents. The titles of the articles are as follows:

1. George Sand—review of her Autobiography.
2. Hair-Chains.
3. The Flower of Liberty—poem by Dr. Holmes.
4. Alexis de Tocqueville.
5. Agnes of Sorrento, by Mrs. Stowe.
6. Health in the Camp.
7. The Stormy Petrel—poem.
8. A Story of To-Day.
9. Concerning People who Carried Weight in Life.
10. Why has the North felt Aggrieved with England?
11. The Wild Endive—poem.
12. The Contrabands at Fortress Monroe, by Edward L. Pierce—see extracts on first page.
13. The Washers of the Shroud, by James Russell Lowell—copied on fourth page.
14. Reviews and Literary Notices.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for October (L. Scott & Co's American Reprint) opens with an article headed "Democracy Teaching by Example," in which the war in this country is treated from the stand-point of British Toryism, and an attempt made to show that all our national troubles are the natural fruits of Democratic institutions. The other articles in the number are—Meditations on Dyspepsia—No. II., the Cure; Chronicles of Carlingford; The Doctor's family, No. I.; The Book-Hunter's Club; Social Science; What seems to be happening just now with the Pope; Among the Lochs; Capt. Clutterbuck's Champagne—A West Indian Reminiscence, No. I.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for November contains seven papers, under the following titles:

I. The Relation of War to Human Nature.
II. Daniel De Foe.
III. Tholuck on Prophecy.
IV. Buckle's History of Civilization.
V. Western Monasticism.
VI. Joseph Wolff.
VII. Review of Current Literature.

Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

STATE ELECTIONS.—The election in this State on Tuesday resulted in the choice of the Union ticket by, it is supposed, 100,000 majority. The Legislature will be of the same stamp. Massachusetts, on the same day, reëlected Gov. Andrew, by a vote of two to one over his Democratic opponent, and chose a Republican Legislature. Caleb Cushing will be a member of the House from Newburyport. In the Congressional District, formerly represented by Mr. Burlingame, Samuel Hooker (Rep.), was elected by 900 majority over Upton, the Hunker pro-slavery candidate, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Appleton.

Chronicles of the War.

Fremont's Removal.

JOHN C. FREMONT is removed from the command of the Department of the West. The order of the President reached him at Springfield on the 2d inst., at the very moment when his force was preparing to meet the advancing enemy. The intelligence spread like wildfire through the camps, and created indescribable indignation and excitement. Great numbers of officers signified their intention to resign at once, and many companies laid down their arms, declaring that they would fight under no one but Gen. Fremont. Gen. Fremont spent much of the time expostulating with the officers and men, urging them, by their patriotism and their personal regard for him, not to abandon their posts. He also issued the following farewell order to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 2, 1861.

SOLDIERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI ARMY: Agreeably to orders received this day, I take leave of you. Although our army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defence of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers, I regret to leave you. Most sincerely I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to victory which you are just about to win; but I shall claim the right to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be personally remembered to my companions in arms.

JOHN C. FREMONT, Major-General.

The feeling ran high among the soldiers during the night after the news was received, and there were numerous meetings in the camps. The various bands serenaded the General, and whenever he appeared he was greeted with cheers. Although, after notifying Gen. Hunter, as his order directed, he had no longer command over the troops, he spent several hours in making a personal examination of the grounds about the city to be prepared for a battle, and, in accordance with a written request from all the Brigadier-Generals here, he remained through the night to lead the army in case of attack. All the troops slept on their arms. Many officers remained up all night, and an attack was hourly expected.

Gen. Fremont was about to leave for St. Louis. The dispatch says: "Universal gloom prevails throughout the camps. A battle will undoubtedly occur ere long. Our troops will meet the enemy firmly, but they are disheartened and have lost their enthusiasm. The body guard, who could not have been induced to remain, and who will now disband—as the terms of their enlistment permit—accompany Gen. Fremont, and also his entire staff, including Gen. Ashboth, Commander of the First division. Gen. Fremont will permit no demonstration from the troops on his departure."

Retirement of Gen. Scott.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1861.

The Hon. S. CAMERON, *Secretary of War*:

SIR: For more than three years I have been unable from a hurt to mount a horse, or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, admonish me that repose of mind and body with the appliances of surgery and medicine are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so lately prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name shall be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right, granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself in these momentous times from the orders of a President who has treated me with much distinguished kindness and courtesy; whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic without sectional partialities or prejudices; to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivalled activity and perseverance, and to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands, and have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, Your obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

The President and Cabinet waited upon Gen. Scott at his residence, on the 1st inst., when the President read to him the following order:

"On the 1st day of November, A. D. 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed, upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence, or allowances.

"The American people will bear with sadness and deep emotion that Gen. Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the President and unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country, during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag, when assailed by parricidal rebellion.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Gen. Scott thereupon rose and addressed the President and Cabinet, who had also risen, as follows:

"PRESIDENT: This hour overwhelms me. It overpays all services I have attempted to render to my country. If I had any claims before, they are all obliterated by this expression of approval by the President, with the remaining support of his Cabinet. I know the President and this Cabinet well. I know that the country has placed its interests in this trying crisis in safe keeping. Their counsels are wise; their labors are as untiring as they are loyal, and their course is the right one.

"President, you must excuse me. I am unable to stand longer to give utterance to the feelings of gratitude which oppress me. In my retirement, I shall offer up my prayers to God for this Administration, and for my country. I shall pray for it with confidence in its success over all enemies, and that speedily."

The President then took leave of Gen. Scott, giving him his hand, and saying he hoped soon to write him a private letter expressive of his gratitude and affection. The President added:

"GENERAL: You will naturally feel solicitude about the gentlemen of your staff, who have rendered you and their country such faithful service. I have taken that subject into consideration. I understand that they go with you to New York. I shall desire them at their earliest convenience, after their return, to make their wishes known to me. I desire you now, however, to be satisfied that, except the unavoidable privation of your counsel, and society, which they have so long enjoyed, the provision which will be made for them will be such as to render their situation hereafter as agreeable as it has been heretofore."

Each member of the Administration then gave his hand to the veteran, and retired in profound silence.

Gen. Scott arrived in New York on Saturday evening, where he has been the recipient of many honors. He is about to visit Europe.

Gen. McClellan Commander-in-Chief.

The command of the armies of the United States is now devolved upon Gen. McClellan, who, in the order announcing his new relation, says: "In the midst of the difficulties which encompass and divide the nation, hesitation and self-distrust may well accompany the assumption of so vast a responsibility, but confiding as I do in the loyalty, discipline, and courage of our troops, and believing as I do, that Providence will favor ours as the just cause, I cannot doubt that success will crown our efforts and sacrifices." In reply to an address delivered on the presentation of a sword by the City Councils of Philadelphia, he said: "The war cannot last long. It may be desperate. I ask in the future forbearance, patience, and confidence. With these we can accomplish all."

Battle in Western Virginia.

There has been a battle between Floyd and the forces of Gen. Rosencrans, on the Gauley River; but the accounts thus far received are so meager that it is quite uncertain what has really been done. We have intelligence sufficiently accurate, however, to show that the National arms are still successful, and to lead us to hope that the rebel and traitor Floyd is fairly entrapped.

Slave-Catching in the Army.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5, 1861.

At least one General of division in the army of the Potomac understands what are and what are not the duties of the armies of the United States. Widow Triplet, who lives near Alexandria, and whose sympathies are believed to be with the rebels, unaccountably lost eight slaves. She thought that they were within the lines of Gen. Heintzelman's command, and applied to that officer for relief. Foreseeing one possible objection to the return of her chattels, she backed her petition with a penal bond, pledging herself not to sell them South. The bond, Gen. Heintzelman told her he was lawyer enough to know to be worthless, because without a consideration. The slaves he declined to search for or surrender, adding, that he was no "nigger-catcher." It is said that this reply has excited great apprehension in the minds of widow Triplet's slaveholding neighbors.—*Tribune.*

The Naval Expedition.

We have some good news from the great Southern expedition, though no intelligence of its landing has yet reached us. The Monticello, of the blockading fleet stationed at Savannah, came to Fortress Monroe on Monday, and reported that the squadron was on Saturday night within thirty miles of Bull Bay; the storm which the fleet had encountered, and in which one or two of the vessels suffered to some extent, had abated, and everything looked well for the expedition. Concerning the destination of the fleet we have two conjectures—one from the officers of the Monticello, the other from the columns of a Norfolk paper. The former say that it has probably before this time entered at Bull Bay; the latter state that its destination is known to be Port Royal. If the troops have landed at Bull Bay, their first blow is undoubtedly aimed at Charleston, which lies twenty-five miles south of it, and to reach which two rivers must be crossed. If they land at Port Royal, they are to take Beaufort, S. C. Beaufort being taken, they will be between Charleston (50 miles north) and Savannah (about 35 miles south). On Monday as many as sixty negroes came into Fortress Monroe. They report that the Rebels have been leaving Great Bethel, Yorktown, and the vicinity of Norfolk, but whither they have gone the refugees did not know.—*Tribune of Wednesday.*

TRACT FOR THE DAY.—"The War and Slavery; or, Victory only through Emancipation," is the title of a tract of 8 pages, just published at this office. It is a reprint of an excellent article, from the pen of D. PLUMB, which appeared in this paper a few weeks since, and which leading friends of the cause deem worthy of the widest circulation at the present crisis. It is not for sale, but for gratuitous distribution. Friends of the cause, who know where light is needed and would be welcomed in respect to the duty and policy of Emancipation under the War Power, are requested to call at this office at once and take as many copies as they can distribute judiciously.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair and National Bazaar.

THIS Fair will be held in the city of Philadelphia, in the month of December, 1861. It is the purpose of its managers to conduct it in a manner suited to the exigencies of the present times, diminishing, as far as possible, its expenses, and furnishing it with such articles as command a sale even in seasons of commercial embarrassment. We deem it necessary to remind the friends of the anti-slavery cause in Pennsylvania that an unusual effort will this year be required for the replenishment of our treasury. In seasons of pecuniary embarrassment, resulting from any cause, Anti-Slavery Societies, as all others, must suffer some diminution of their supplies: but the long-tried fidelity and zeal of the Pennsylvania Abolitionists inspires us with confidence in our appeal to them to meet an unusual demand with unusual energy.

Our thirty years' war for freedom *seems* about to culminate in victory. But many a battle has been lost by too much haste in accounting it won. Until its proclamation of liberty to the slaves proves that this nation has discovered, and is willing to acknowledge, the real cause and only true remedy for the Southern rebellion and consequent civil war, the American Abolitionists will continue to hold their solemn responsibility to the slave, and to the country. Until such proclamation shall usher in the jubilee, our work will not be done. But working as we now are, with the end almost in sight, extraordinary effort for its consummation becomes easy.

With this view of our cause, we ask our coadjutors in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware to put their hands once more to the work of conducting our Annual Fair with the energy and wisdom which the exigencies of the hour demand; not doubting that they who, through the long years of our conflict, have stood firm in heart and hope and faith, will wield their weapons faithfully, unto the end.

Sarah Pugh,	Huldah Justice,
Margaret J. Burleigh,	Anna R. Justice,
Anna M. Child,	Sarah Kenderdine,
Ellen M. Child,	Abby Kimber,
Sarah L. Child,	Martha Kimber,
Elizabeth Clendennon,	Lucretia Mott,
Maria Conklin,	Sarah A. McKim,
Agnes Crain,	Emma Parker,
Maria M. Davis,	Sarah H. Peirce,
Margaretta Forten,	Ruth Anna Peirce,
Martha A. Galvin,	Rebecca Plumly,
Lydia Gillingham,	Harriet D. Purvis,
Sarah K. Gillingham,	Mary Shaw,
Mary Grew,	Susan W. Shaw,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Annie Shoemaker,
Sarah C. Hallowell,	Martha Shoemaker,
Rebecca S. Hart,	Mary T. Stickney,
Anna M. Hopper,	Hannah L. Stickney,
Jennette Jackson,	Emily W. Taylor,
Clementine G. John,	Rosanna Thompson,

Special Notices.

PHILADELPHIA FAIR CIRCLE.—This Circle will meet on Wednesday evening, Nov. 13th, at the house of Mrs. Mariana Mott, No. 127 South 12th street.

A UNION PRAYER MEETING FOR THE ENSLAVED, and for our country, will be held at the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, Monday evening, Nov. 11th, at 7½ o'clock.

A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Concord Hall, on Fifth day afternoon, the 14th inst., at 4 o'clock.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, 1861.

1164	Geo. N. Richardson, Eastport,	Me.	$2 00
1111	C. W. Porter, Machias,	"	2 00
1248	Geo. F. Talbot, Machias,	"	5 00
1112	Rev. C. C. Long, Addison,	"	2 00
1144	Mrs. N. White, Concord,	N. H:	2 00
1144	Mrs. A. W. Haven, Portsmouth,	"	4 00
1162	James F. Shores, Portsmouth,	"	2 00
1130	Abby C. Walker, Great Falls,	"	3 00
1146	Smith Gray, Walpole,	Mass.	4 00
1164	Rev. I. M. Merrick, Walpole,	"	2 00
1184	E. H. Payson, Salem,	"	5 00
1133	Thomas Chapman, Saxonville,	"	2 00
1147	Benjamin Pane, E. Brewster,	"	3 00
1140	Henry Abbott, Lowell,	"	1 00
1047	Stephen Barker, Methuen,	"	2 00
1217	Mrs. M. Butman, Worcester,	"	4 00
1121	Mo

Miscellaneous Department.

SONG FOR THE NATIONAL FAST.

"TUNE—*God save the King.*"

My country! 'tis for thee,
Dark land of Slavery,
For thee I weep.
The land where Slaves have sighed,
Where they have toiled and died,
To serve their tyrants' pride,
For thee I weep.

My native land, for thee,
Land of the noble free,
Of Liberty,
For thee, dear land, I weep,
A Fast in sorrow keep!
The stain is foul and deep
Of Slavery.

From every mountain side,
Upon the ocean's tide,
They call on thee!
Amid thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
I hear a voice that thrills—
Let all go free!

Arise! and break the band!
Sound loud throughout this land
Sweet Freedom's song!
Let all that breathe partake!
No groans the song to break,
While Slaves the echoes wake,
The sounds prolong!

Our fathers' God! to Thee!
Giver of Liberty!
To Thee we pray!
Soon may our land be pure!
The rights of all secure!
And Freedom's light endure
Beneath our sway!

—*Bangor Mechanic.*

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

IMPORTANT WORK BY A FRENCH SAVANT.

PARIS, Aug. 30, 1861.

ONCE there was an African owned by a Senator. This Republican being no Christian, not even a Democrat, observing that his slave was a likely boy, gave him a good education and his freedom. Instead of farcically desiring to be taken back, or of tragically cutting his ex-master's throat, the manumitted chattel fell to writing comedies. These were brought out with success on the Metropolitan stage by that skillful manager and popular favorite, the high comedian Ambairus. A particular passage in one of them brought down the house then, if we are to believe the statement, made indeed some time afterward, and by a reporter, who was himself an African, although a saint of fair reputation in the Church; it has had a most successful run since, through Latin grammars and dictionaries of classical quotations, into Parliamentary and Fourth-of-July speeches, newspaper articles and other rhetorical wastes. Yes, sir!

"*Homo sum* [ergo]; *humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

This sentiment, being expressed in a dead language, is felt to be true, and is met by responsive rumors of applause and cries of that's so! from the assembled white fellow-citizens.

But is there not really a *non-sequitur* in Terence's line? Whether a human *thing* may not be alien to we other men after all? Whether a man (with the "Guinea stamp," for instance) is therefore a brother by blood or by specific equality. "Do the physical, intellectual, and moral particularities that distinguish the human groups scattered over the surface of the globe argue the existence of radical differences among them? Or rather, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, is man essentially the same everywhere? In other words, is there but one species, or are there several species of men?"

The new work of M. de Quatrefarges, entitled *L'Unité del'Espece Humaine*, Unity of the Human Species, is devoted to an examination of this comparatively modern, deeply-interesting question. This 18mo. volume of 414 pages is the revised edition of a series of eight articles lately published in as many successive numbers of *The Revue des Deux Mondes*, which were but the careful reediting of lectures delivered by the author in his courses of 1856 and 1860, as Professor of Anatomy and Ethnology at the Museum of Natural History (Jardins des Plantes). Although the mere authority of a name should have but little weight in our judgment of a scientific work, it is not out of place here to note that M. de Quatrefarges had fairly earned his academic honors and professor's chair by years of fruitful labor as an experimental zoologist and physiologist. His whole life had been a preparation for his comparatively recent entrance upon the special study of Anthropology. The student beginning in that science, and the general reader of the Gentleman's Library, without which it will be incomplete, can find no better text-book or comprehensive survey of the actual state of that science than is here offered. It is rich in facts, cautious in statement, logical in argument, methodical in principle, beautifully clear in definition and arrangement, courteous in manner toward his opponents, the polygenists, readable as to style, free from prejudice of sect or school.

To assert now that this is a perfect work would be an exaggeration that no one could be more ready to deprecate than its author, who never deals in idle assertion. He is too well aware of the difficulties and arduous duties of scientific demonstration to pretend that he has overcome and fulfilled them all, and left nothing for successors to add. What he does pretend is, that, starting from the initial question quoted above, with universally accepted truths of science as his base of operations, and making a long detour through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, of whose subjects—already submitted to the unquestioned laws of natural history—he makes allies, he comes triumphantly to this main conclusion, that "all men form but one species," no real objection being left in the way that has not been reduced from seemingly formidable to very trifling proportions. Other conclusions, in whose way stand nothing but slight probabilities and purely theoretical possibilties, are that this species originated in one locality only, probably a very limited one, and that every indication points to some region in Central Asia as the first cradle of the human species.

To show that M. de Quatrefarges does not jump to these conclusions, the table of contents of this chapter of his book will help. He begins at the beginning with the empires and kingdoms of nature, letting us know at the outset that he is treating his subject specially, though not quite exclusively, from the point of view in natural history. Proceeding as the classifiers of all schools, as Linnæus and Lamark had proceeded, he separates man from all other beings in general, and from other organized beings in particular, because to the phenomena common with him and them, he adds other phenomena of an entirely distinct order. These are the *facts* of morality and religionism [whose *universality* is satisfactorily proved against the contrary testimony of insufficient witnesses, in following pages], the *cause* whence they emanate; they characterize and separate the *human kingdom* from the animal kingdom proper, exactly as the *facts* of vitality and their engendering *cause* characterize the vegetable kingdom and isolate it from the subjects of the mineral kingdom. Now, is this human kingdom composed of one or several species? There is no dispute about genera. This being a problem of which man himself, so to speak, is the unknown quantity, cannot be solved by man. We must turn to the vegetables and animals, where all naturalists admit the existence of *species;* and ask of them what is to be understood by the word, by what marks we are to recognize the *thing* species? Here let me parenthetically insert a few of our author's definitions, which stand out in such beautifully clear contrast with the confusion of terms, and consequently of ideas in which and by which our "anthropologists of the American school" indulge and are misled: To follow Linnæus, then, step by step, the definition of man, his *characterisque* as we should say in zoology, is this: *Man is a body;* or better, *an organized, living, sentient being, moving spontaneously, endowed with morality and religiosity. Species is the collectivity* ['ensemble] *of individuals more or less similar to each other, who are descended or may be considered as having descended from an unique primitive pair by an uninterrupted succession of families. Variety* may be defined: *An individual or a collectivity of individuals belonging to the same sexual generation, distinguished from the other representatives of the same species by one or more exceptional characters* [caracteres]. *Race*, then, will be *the collectivity of similar individuals belonging to one same species, having received and transmitting by means of generation the characters of a primitive variety.*

Seventy pregnant pages are devoted to the justification and confirmation of these admirably clear and exhaustive definitions. Then come treatises on the variability and fixity of species, the production of varieties and races, the graduated transition from race to race; on the nature and extent of variations in animal and vegetable races; on the origin and formation of animal races, accompanied by constant, careful observation of the influence of the *medium* (milieu), and by constant logically-inferred application by analogy of the general, scientifically-assured and accepted laws of physiology in the animal and vegetable, to the subjects of the *human kingdom.* Hereditary influences and those of *medium* upon generations; natural and artificial selection, the formation of new races; the extremely interesting questions of hybridation and of *metissage*—that is, crossings between species and crossing of races, examined with reference always to an application by analogy of assured results to the cross-breeding between human groups—the chapters treating of these themes bring us to the 280th page, and to this conclusion: "We shall thus come to find, as an initial term, a *unique primitive pair.* Did this unique pair ever really exist? Or were there at the beginning several absolutely similar couples? This is a *question of fact*, which science cannot discuss, for neither observation nor experiment furnishes the slightest data. All that it can assert is, that things are *as if* each species had commenced by a single pair, and this conclusion rigorously deduced from the facts of the case, is patently but one of the terms of our definition of species."

The largest remaining portion of the volume is taken up with a calm examination and refutation, point by point, of objections to the doctrine of specific unity of man, as those objections are set forth by polygenists generally, and by polygenists of the "American school," particularly, Knox, Nott, Gliddon, Morton, are rigorously maltreated with all the force and courtesy of an enemy in full scientific armor, generous in the consciousness of his strength, but severely faithful to the only cause of which he is a partisan, the cause of truth. One whole chapter is given to a critical refutation of the positions assumed by Agassiz, in his "sketch of the natural provinces of the animal world, and their relation to the different types of man." Finally, is a curiously-interesting chapter on the migrations of men, and on the peopling of Polynesia and America.

On the last page of his book, M. de Quatrefarges writes as follows: "Examined from the point of view of general physiology, man has shown us everywhere the phenomena that characterize one and the same species. Direct investigation has led us then to admit the unity of the human species. Hence the necessary result, that theories founded on the multiplicity of the human species could not be true. The partisans of these theories, however, had opposed to our conclusions various objections. We have taken these objections, one by one, we have exposed them to the test of facts, of laws recognized as ruling all living beings except man: everywhere we have seen that they were in open hostility with these facts and these laws. This result has been a new proof, though indirect none the less real, of the truth of our doctrine. Throughout all this work, we believe that we have not for a moment deviated from the route laid out at the outset. A man of science, it is from science alone that we have sought arguments in favor of what we hold to be the truth. Botany, zoology, physiology, medical statistics, zoological geography, have furnished us with the main arguments; to meet a final objection, we have had recourse to physical geography, properly so-called, to the general physical conditions of our earth, to history. But not once have we called in aid considerations of morality, philosophy, or religion."

No, and this is worth bearing in mind in the case, M. de Quatrefarges does not appear as moralist, philanthropist, bibliophile, or bibliomane; but simply, solely, as a scientific naturalist, a partisan of truth only. He is neither theologian nor philanthropist; he has nothing to say directly for or against slavery; he is not even philosopher; he is naturalist, physiologist, naturalist. But since biblical men have mingled so largely and confusingly with all late views of anthropological questions, I can't do better than to close this imperfect notice of the excellent book of M. de Quatrefarges with a brief quotation of *his* views in this regard. I have already sufficiently shown that he is neither a scholastic nor a free-thinking bigot. If there be anything to choose between the two, I should say, as a general thing, that old-fashioned bigotry is quite preferable to the bigotry of liberalism. The spirit is the same, but the bigotry of liberalism is more illogical and more indecent. Let that pass, however, and return to our scientific academician, who, among other good things apropos of theoretic and other prejudices, says, happily, these: "On the ground of scientific exegesis, the Free-thinkers have not much to reproach the Devotees with." . . . . . "There are two ways of being the slave of a book or of an opinion. He who *denies* everywhere and always what he finds or thinks he finds in either, is no more free from prejudice than he who blindly *affirms.* To look to the Bible for reasons for or against a question is to attempt to resolve it by arguing as to the truth or falsity of a dogma; is to mix science with considerations of an entirely different order. It matters little whether the starting-point be an affirmation or a negation; it is none the less theology for being theology reversed."—*Tribune.*

THE COUNT DE GASPARIN.

From The Evening Post.

IN the future history of this country the name of de Gasparin will represent such a foreign element in the world's sympathy with self-regenerating America, as Lafayette has ever represented among the friends of her original creation. In the first place, he has written the noblest and truest book about us that has ever issued from any foreign source since his compatriot, De Tocqueville, laid down the pen; and in the second, he has added to the power of his literary effort a further and more convincing assistance in a consistently friendly personal life. When President Lincoln called for an American Fast-day, and bade us "humble ourselves before the mighty power of God that he might bless us in due time," Agenor de Gasparin took up the appeal on the other side of the ocean, and asked all Christian Europe to kneel by our side. We need not recall to the minds of our readers that noble letter, some time ago published in *The Evening Post*, in which he wrote to the French religious paper *L'Esperance*, beseeching European Christendom to hold common fast-day with us, and pray not only for forgiveness, but the *Union.*

Agenor Etienne de Gasparin was born at Orange, a small French town on the Meyne, one of the tributaries of the Rhone, in the Department of Vaucluse, on the tenth of July, 1810. His father was the celebrated peer and minister of France, Adrienne Etienne Pierre, of the same surname. While his father occupied the position of Minister of the Interior, the young Count was his secretary, or, as he is technically called, *Chef de Cabinet.* He was then made Master of Requests to the French Council of State, and in 1842 elected deputy of the arrondissement of Bastia.

He distinguished himself from the moment of his entrance into the Chamber of Deputies by the singular earnestness of his Protestantism, and sustained with a zeal, manifested not only in speeches but in pamphlets, the conservative wing of French politics.

In the year 1846, having displeased Marshal Sebastiani by a prolonged opposition to his political projects, he retired from public life. Since then he has altogether devoted himself to the defence, in all countries, of his fellow-Protestants' rights. In 1853 his name was prominent upon the Protestant committee which demanded from the Grand Duke of Tuscany the liberation of the persecuted family of the Madiai.

Count Gasparin has written, in addition to his most celebrated work on our American crisis, "*Un Grainde Peuple qui se relève*," several works upon political, social and religious subjects. Among these we find published, in 1834, one upon the legal doctrine of *Mortmain.* In 1838, "Slavery and Trade." In 1843, "The General Interests of French Protestantism." In 1845, "The Bible Defended." In 1854, "Table-Tipping" (a phenomena whose reality he admits, and whose action he attributes to an unknown force)—and in 1857, "The Neufchatel Question."

Nobody has given a more interesting account of De Gasparin's private life than that gossiping little sketcher of all the world's "interiors"—Frederica Bremer. From her last book, "Life in the Old World," we extract the following interesting sketch of the French philosopher's life at home. Miss Bremer has reached Geneva. She writes in her journal:

"I was rather curious to become acquainted with the Count de Gasparin, the man who has made Madame de Gasparin such an enthusiast for marriage.

"For such she is. She maintains that all women ought to be married, and asserts that statistics are wrong when they show that there are more women than men in the world. In the meantime, *la couple parfaite*, as the married pair De Gasparin are called, is always a beautiful sight on the earth. * * * *

"The Countess de Gasparin, known as a clever authoress, and especially for her work on Marriage, paid me a visit the day after my arrival. She is an agreeable blonde, still young, with refined features—a loveable person, with French ease of demeanor and facility of expression, very loquacious and somewhat decided in manner. We were soon disputing on more subjects than people can discuss in many conversations. But it mattered not. One may like, and even become attached to, those with whom one cannot agree. I liked the Countess de Gasparin for her candor and amiability, and accepted with sincere pleasure an invitation to her country house near Geneva.

"With the perfect married couple, husband and wife Gasparin, I have become earnestly well acquainted. They invited me to dinner parties and *soirees.* I begged them to afford me 'hospitality of the soul,' which it is not in the power of all to give, but which was nowise difficult to them—if they would. They most kindly understood my desires, and permitted me enjoyment of quiet hours in their domestic circle—quiet, earnest conversation. We did not agree—it was impossible that we should—upon many topics; but I learned from them the better to understand how much good there may be in the view which attaches itself to the Divine inspiration of the letter of the Scriptures.

"The Count de Gasparin is a nobleman—a *gentleman*, in the last and fullest meaning of the word. In conversation and discussion he is infinitely agreeable. Both husband and wife labor for the good of the people, partly as writers, partly as helpers and counsellors in their temporal needs, especially on their own estate—for they are wealthy, and employ their wealth in a noble manner. Would that there were many who resembled them!"

WORKING FOR GOD.

[The following poem is found in a Roman Catholic work containing all the hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal.]

Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greater ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far above reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

And blessed is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dare to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field;
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

NO FAILURE YET.

From The Evening Post.

CERTAIN London journals, written in the interests of English tories and of European aristocracy generally, have been pleased to repeat for some years that popular institutions were on trial in this country; and since the outbreak of the Southern rebellion they have assumed that the trial has terminated with a signal and overwhelming verdict against the popular theory. The great republic is dead, said *The Times* with ill-concealed joy, and all the little papers at once took up the cry, as if it had proclaimed an assured and incontestable fact.

Now, we have no desire to boast in the face of these complacent judges, but when the scheme of popular government is so industriously and invidiously assailed on all sides, we are forced to recall the history of its workings upon this continent, to show by the actual results that the principles upon which it was founded are still worthy of every confidence.

It is scarcely eighty years since this grand experiment of the government of the people by themselves was here undertaken. Within that short period of time the freedom guarantied to every man by our institutions has allowed us to clear and prepare for human use a territory equal in extent to that of the largest empire of the Old World. Every part of it has been dotted by thriving villages, intersected by canals, and bound together by the iron bands of the railroad. We have one metroplitan city, like London and Paris, but we have besides a dozen other cities that are the equals, in trade and proportions, of any of the secondary cities of Europe. Our commerce has reached an amount of tonnage which is greater than the measure of Great Britain, the most commercial nation of the world. Our agricultural labor is now the hope of mankind, and for two years past has turned the current of the world's exchanges in our favor. In a word, the annual product of the United States is nearly equivalent to that of the foremost of the European nations, which possess a larger population and have the accumulated capital of a thousand years to work upon.

Nor are these prodigious material results to be ascribed alone to our fortunate physical position. This western continent, it is true, is both large and prolific; its soils are fertile; its climates genial, and its connections, by vast water-courses, easy; but its resources, great as they are, could only have been developed as they have been under the influences of that peculiar system of government which has given us Federal union with individual freedom. The former has made us a peaceful nation; the latter has rendered us energetic men. By the Union we have been preserved from intestine wars, and by the liberality of our policy we have been enabled to educe every power of man and society. Nowhere on the face of the earth have those great elements of well-being, which are universally regarded as the marks of an advancing civilization—wealth, comfort, education, order and religion—been so generally diffused as in the United States. Other nations may have more opulent capitalists, more learned scholars, more skillful artists, and more culture and refinement in certain circles of society, but these are exceptional and exclusive cases, while the masses of their people are ignorant, poor, degraded, superstitious and stagnant.

There can be no better proof of the difference between our popular government and the governments of the Old World, than their relative costliness. The armies they are compelled to support, as defences against the aggressions of each other, or against the turbulence of their people; their enormous establishments of sinecure nobles; the multitude of functionaries made necessary by complicated laws; and their swarms of poor, compel an almost incredible expenditure. Take a single instance: Great Britain is by no means the most expensive of the nations, yet Great Britain spends an income of over three hundred million dollars per annum; while, besides this, it was stated at the recent meeting of the British Association that her tax-payers had paid, in the last ten years, the immense sum of £90,000,000 sterling, or four hundred and sixty million dollars, for the support of paupers.

Their extravagance is mostly wasted on the few; but the outlays of a popular society look to other ends. The support and spread of education is one of these; and here we find that while the educational system of England is still in the most wretched state, our own, established by the will, paid for by the money, and guarded by the loving care of the people, is the most liberal, the most wisely conducted and the best in the world. So excellent is it in every way that foreign nations have taken it for their model. Wherever a new settlement is formed in the United States, there are found the school and the Church; and while, in 1850, less than five per cent. of our population was counted "illiterate" in the census returns, in 1845 over forty per cent. of men and women in England and Wales, when married, signed a mark in the register.

Charitable institutions, again, are another test of the real influences of a form of government upon a nation. Our superiority to European nations is here undisputed. Our asylums for the blind are models on which the French have formed theirs; in our insane asylums the mild and rational treatment of those unfortunate beings was first widely carried out; and the systems adopted by our teachers for the deaf and dumb is the most judicious known.

Our prison system, too, has won the plaudits of foreigners. Commissions have been sent hither by the British and French governments, to examine and report, and their reports give it the highest praise; while the Prussian government has even founded its new system upon ours. Badly as the city of New York has been misgoverned, its noble charities have never been neglected, and are to-day the admiration of all intelligent foreign visitors.

These are, perhaps, the severest tests of the beneficence of popular government. They are concerns which might easily be neglected. They were neglected for centuries by nations, like Great Britain, which boasted of their superior civilization; they have been cherished by the *people* of the United States with an unfailing care, from the very beginning of our history. At the very time when Sydney Smith wrote of England, ruled by its aristocracy, "there is no Protestant country in the world where the education of the poor has been so grossly and infamously neglected as here," though the United States were yet in their infancy, and burdened with a heavy debt, the system of free-schools which now gives every American—in the free States, at least—the rudiments of an education, was not only begun, but perfected in the older States. It is but simple truth to say that our example, in schools, charitable institutions and prisons, has forced the governing classes of Europe to improve their own, and thus give benefits to their people which before they selfishly withheld.

Not that Americans are wiser or more charitable than other men, but that the whole effect of popular institutions is to give free scope to the ingenuity, the talent, the ambition and the benevolence of their subjects. Are we not justly called a nation of inventors, for example? Fulton gave the world the first steamboat; Morse the first telegraph; Whitney the cotton-gin, on which Britain's greatness is founded; Hoe the lightning-presses on which the London *Times* condescends to be printed; Colt the revolving arms which British officers found indispensable in the Crimea and in India; and an American citizen, Ames, of Chicopee, invented and made for the British government the complicated and beautiful arms manufacturing machinery which is now set up at the Woolwich armory, and an American machinst was sent over to put it in operation. An American (Goodyear) first made India rubber available for the thousand uses which it is now put to in all the world; an American (Howe) invented the sewing-machine, which is said to be the greatest boon conferred upon womankind; an American (McCormick) invented the reapers and mowers with which Englishmen gather their harvests; an American built the first railroad in Russia; another took the contract to raise the sunken men-of-war in the harbor of Sebastopol; and American labor-saving machinery has taken prizes in every fair in Europe. What is the secret of this? Simply that our institutions open a free theatre to all men for the exercise of their best abilities.

Thus, for eighty years, under the protection and stimulus of popular institutions, we have gone forward clearing and settling the land, developing skill, acquiring science, diffusing comfort to the millions, educating and refining the masses, and enjoying in peace whatever good thing industry, intelligence, order and the practice of virtue can purchase; but because at the end of this time a single class has taken the occasion of an inevitable change in the political preponderance of a certain section to organize an armed revolt against a government which they themselves admitted to be the most beneficent ever devised, we are told that the republic has failed, that democracy is a mistake, and that the United States can only be saved by a recurrence to effete monarchical and aristocratic institutions.

Have *they* never experienced revolts? Is not civil war their chronic state? Are they not now supported by bayonets? Is not our crisis, the only trying one we have ever had, their normal condition? Yet, forsooth, because of a temporary interruption to our triumphant career, we must go back to the antiquated and oppressive political artifices of the Old World.

No: the same energy which has made us the nation that we are will bring us out of this trouble. Wait until we shall have entered into the arts of war, as we have entered into the arts of peace, if you would see what popular government can do. As yet, we have scarcely drawn off our gloves; we have scarcely believed in the existence of the evil that threatened us, so strange, so unexpected was it; but we see it at last, and the young, unworn, indomitable republic means to fight as she has worked, until the monster that suddenly assailed her is as dead as the dragon of Wantley.

MR. CURTIS'S FRATERNITY LECTURE.

From The Liberator.

THE eloquent discourse of George William Curtis on "National Honor" held an immense audience in breathless attention for an hour and a-half on Tuesday evening. The lecture had brilliancy, wit, pathos, exquisite beauty, but, to our surprise, as well as regret, it lacked "the one thing needful" in our present crisis.

In the portion of this discourse touching upon slavery, the speaker deliberately argued that government should, at present, interfere with that institution no further than the necessities of war actually demand. He advised the confiscation of the slaves of rebels, whether or not they were engaged in warlike operations, and showed the absurdity of the distinctions which some have striven to draw upon that point, indulging the rebels in proportion to the extent of their slaveholding, and allowing the claim to property in human beings, when the claim to all other property has been justly forfeited. But he would have slavery touched no further than this during the present war, *unless* ill success on our part, or new and unforeseen emergencies, shall render further action against it indispensable to our success in the war. *If* peace can only come by the emancipation of all the slaves, he would say "Amen!" But if the necessity for emancipation did not manifestly appear in this form, he would postpone all thought and action upon that subject until complete triumph over the rebellion should have been secured.

The lecturer dwelt much, and strongly, on the importance of *saving* the national honor. In our judgment, national honor is a thing yet to be *attained* by this slaveholding nation. The war offers a most auspicious opportunity to *commence* the work of attaining it. To slight this opportunity, to postpone to a superlatively uncertain to-morrow this chance to throw off the greatest of evils and secure the greatest of blessings, seems to us the madness that precedes destruction. Procrastination here will be the thief of more than time.

We had hoped from Mr. Curtis something better than an endorsement of the great delusion under which the Republican party are now laboring. It was some satisfaction to find that the ideas above objected to were heard in silence by the immense audience, while enthusiastic applause followed those expressions which bore strongest against slavery. We subjoin *The Journal's* report:

"Mr. Curtis stated his subject to be 'National Honor.' Honor he defined as manhood, and the obligations of honor to do all that a man can and ought. After pointing out its origin, and the conditions of mind and feeling which go to strengthen and maintain it, he considered it more particularly in connection with our present national crisis. We in this country have not only the conditions and necessities of nationality, but we have the political union, which is the source of patriotism. It is this which makes us now, instead of being a scattered and drifting fleet like the Spanish Armada, as a single ship from whose deck the tempest-tossed mariners behold walking toward them on the water, the spirit of Union, saying, 'It is I, be not afraid!' (Applause.)

"The sentiment of patriotism seems to have been but newly awakened, and a year ago we might well have doubted its existence. But the defection of traitors, the accumulated defalcations of Cabinet ministers, and at last the open attack on our flag, had roused our people to action. The movement was of the people alone, for they had little to expect from an Administration which groaned out a cry for fasting and prayer, when it should have given a stentorian command to aim and fire (applause).

"We are compelled to believe that there can be but one nation, and the duty of every citizen is to aid in maintaining the government and put down the rebellion. To save the honor of the nation we must take up arms, not to change the form of government, but to defend it as it is. This war is a struggle between two spirits, which mutually strive for the ascendancy in this country. We must meet it as the mariner meets the whirlwind. The masts must go; the cargo and the treasure must be thrown over, if need be, to save the ship. This is not a war of subjugation or emancipation; but if peace can only come by conquering the rebellious section—Amen! If peace can only come by the confiscation of the property of all rebels—Amen! If peace can only come by the emancipation of the slaves—Amen! (Loud and continued applause.)

"The right to do this is undeniable. How and when this right should be used is a far different question. It is easy to say that slavery is the cause of the war, and that it must be destroyed; but the question of to-day is how to heal the wound it has made; and believing that the war must inevitably lead to emancipation, he would rather see it the result of the grave deliberations of earnest men in time of peace, than have the decree written with the point of the sword upon a drum-head. But if they force us to answer which is most precious, government or slavery, they shall have the answer. The mower sweeps across the field to gather the harvest, and not to destroy snakes and vermin; but if the snakes and vermin come in his way they will be destroyed (applause).

"After peace shall be restored, our national honor will teach us to inquire how can another rebellion be rendered impossible. He believed the rebellion to be the result of a settled purpose on the part of the slaveholders, and this was the policy necessary to preserve the sytem of slavery. When we fully understand that slavery is identical with treason, we shall devote ourselves religiously to the great question of emancipation. It must be the result of conviction, and not of any party emotion. Already the main support of the slave system—the cotton monopoly—is passing from their hands. How and by what plan emancipation is to be accomplished will be the next question for the nation to settle.

"Our national honor will teach us to guard with more jealous care the duties of our citizenship, to mingle more in politics, and carry out in their own lives the principles of a popular government, instead of leaving all the work of elections, except the mere depositing of a vote, in the hands of others who will do our work.

"He closed with an eloquent apostrophe to the spirit of peace which would yet come to a restored nation. We may get blows under which our country will sicken and reel. We have not yet seen the depth to which we must sink; but as we go down our eyes shall see light on the mountain-tops. Eyes must weep: God dry them. Hearts must break: God comfort them. But I see the genius of our country transfigured on the mount of the future; in her right hand is justice, and in her left hand peace."

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ALONG a river-side, I know not where,
I walked last night in mystery of dream;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my hair,
To think what chanced me by the pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pale fire-flies pulsed within the meadow mist
Their halos, wavering thistle-downs of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that checked my breath:
Was it the slow plash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a Shroud—ill thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three,
Known to the Greek's and to the Norseman's creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their endless brede,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too deep for joy, too high for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they have strawn"—
So sang they, working at their task the while—
"The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's Isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States for children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his posting-horse,
The forest-feller, linker of the seas,
Bridge builder, hammerer, youngest son of Thor's?

"What make we, murmur'st thou, and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we bring the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable Three:
Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it; why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned. "So strong, so fair!
Our Fowler, whose proud bird would brook erewhile
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file,
For him, life's morn-gold bright yet in his hair?

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unpitying dames!
I see, half-seeing. Tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must noblest aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of names?"

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will—
These two are strong, but stronger yet the third—
Obedience, the great tap-root, that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though the storm's ploughshare spend its utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than wisdom? held Opinion's wind for law?
Then let him hearken for the headsman's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

"We sing old sagas, songs of weal and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,
See Evil weak, see only strong the Good,
Yet hope to balk Doom's fire with walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory and of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star by star
Wins from the void to where on ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar—
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim!

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those
That walk unblenching through the trial-fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart is worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need droop, confronted with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the enemy's lines:
Peace, too, brings tears; and mid the battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God divines;
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

"God, give us peace!—not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So said I, with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side:
Again the loon laughed, mocking; and again
The echoes bayed far down the night, and died,
While, waking, I recalled my wandering brain.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON MRS. STOWE.

LETTER FROM "TOM BROWN."

From The London Spectator, Sept. 21.

SIR: A writer in *The Saturday Review* of last week, in an article on "Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Wounded Feelings," has done me the honor of coupling my name with hers. It does not appear exactly why he has done this. Probably it is due to a letter of mine in a late number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, in which I maintained that no person slightly acquainted with the recent history of the United States could ever have doubted, what the reviewer himself, after Fremont's proclamation, and the other news brought by the last mail, cannot, I suppose, now doubt—that the slavery question is at issue, is in fact the material issue, in this war.

What a *Saturday Reviewer* may say or think of me is not of the least consequence; nor would it be worth while to notice the tone of that or of other leading English papers on any home question. We are used to them, and their habits of speech and thought, and have become comfortably case-hardened. But this is not so with Americans, and in view of the bitter feeling which has been roused in them by our press within the last six or eight months, and which will probably outlive our generation, I should be glad if you will allow me to say a few words.

Let any Englishman try to put himself honestly in the place of an American, and then read such articles as the one to which I have alluded, and which is by no means an unfavorable specimen of the class, and I venture to say he will no longer wonder at the effect they have had in the United States. They are remarkable for two characteristics: first, for the deliberate imputation of mean motives, and, secondly, for the cruel spirit in which they are written. It may have been right to say unpleasant things, but it cannot be right to say them in the way of all others which will give most pain. To a nation or a man engaged in a struggle for life or death, the tone of flippant and contemptuous serenity is the worst we can adopt, if we must speak. Take this article as a specimen: If an English gentleman felt a call to write remarks on the letter of a very distinguished American lady—a letter which is, at any rate, full of deep sorrow for the estrangement between our two countries—need he have entitled his remarks, "Mrs. Stowe's Wounded Feelings"? Ought he to have talked about "a good cry, and a flounce out of the room"?—ought he to have sneered at her appeal to the "great fellowship of Christian freedom"?—or to have congratulated her "that she has at least contributed a lucifer match to the conflagration"? This is nothing but saying what he had to say in the most offensive manner, and seeking to inflict, or being utterly careless of inflicting, unnecessary pain. It that may be the object of Saturday reviewers, of course there is nothing more to be said. They do their work in masterly style. But the nation is paying somewhat dearly for its penny whistle of smart writing, by means of which many of its leading journalists are doing their best to rouse the hatred of all nations against us.

As to the imputation of the worst motives to the Northerners by *The Times* and *The Saturday Review*, from the first outbreak of hostilities till now, could anything have been more unfair, or more needless? Nations as well as men are two-sided. There is in them both the mean self-seeking nature, and the manly, God-like nature, always struggling the one against the other. To which will you appeal, if you wish to see nation or man go right and act nobly? The surest way to make men act from low motives, is not to give them credit for high ones. Nothing can be easier, and to a certain extent it proves our cleverness to do this. Every action probably has its mean side, and if it should turn out after all that the mean is the stronger in any particular case, our foresight would have been at fault had we not anticipated this. To take the particular instance in point.

We all know that the North has not put the slavery question forward officially. All of us who care to study the question know why this has not been done. Many of us think the policy unwise, and the reason wholly insufficient. We may think and say that, if persisted in, it will ruin the cause of the North, that it has already given an enormous advantage to the Secessionists. But this is quite another thing from crying out, over and over again, "It is naught, it is naught. These Yankees are, after all, only fighting for tariffs and hurt vanity." It was our duty, as the nation which has taken the lead in the abolition of slavery, to have borne all things from, and hoped all things for, those who had gone down into the lists with the great Slave Power; to have given them credit for what they could not, or dared not, yet avow; to have encouraged them to go bravely on in the path they had taken, let it lead them where it might. We have not done this. Our press has chosen to take the other course, to impute the lowest motives, to cull out and exult over all the meanness, and bragging, and disorder which the contest has brought out, and while we sit on the bank to make no allowances for those who are struggling in the waves. The consequence is the state of feeling we see now in all loyal Americans towards England.

I am, yours truly,
THOMAS HUGHES.

ENGLISH WRITERS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

From The Liberator.

IF the voice of England, as expressed by its leading public journals and by individuals of prominent station, has not been, as we had reason to expect it would be, in emphatic condemnation of the Slaveholders' Rebellion in this country, and of their purpose to establish a great slaveholding empire on this continent, it is still true that England has furnished some men, in politics and literature, whose generous and comprehensive views, liberal spirit, and courageous rebuke of the prevalent tone of English criticism on American affairs, prove that we of the North may count some of our truest friends among the legislators and educated men of England, even as our fathers, in their day, had no truer, wiser, or braver friends than Chatham, Burke, and others, who